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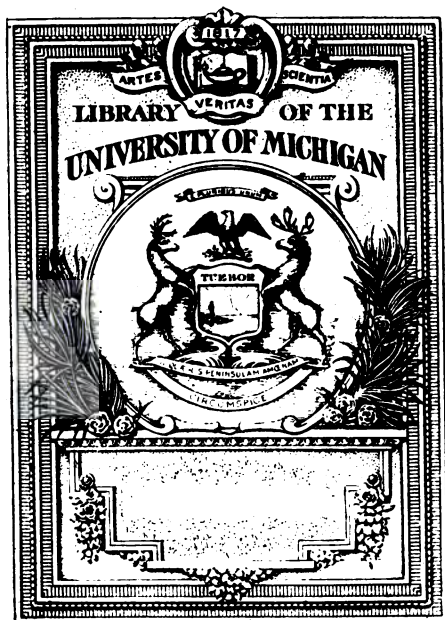
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THE STUBBORNNESS OF
GERALDINE



The Stubbornness of Geraldine

A PLAY IN FOUR ACTS

By

CLYDE FITCH



THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

NEW YORK MCMVI

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TO
E. S.

"THE ONLY WAY TO HAVE
A FRIEND IS TO BE ONE"

—EMERSON

FOR MANY YEARS YOU HAVE BEEN THE BEST

14692

THE STUBBORNNESS OF GERALDINE

- ACT I. GERALDINE, TWO DAYS FROM THE END OF HER VOYAGE HOME, FINDS LIFE SUDDENLY TAKING ON A NEW INTEREST.
- ACT II. GERALDINE, IN THE VERY HOUR OF HER ARRIVAL, STUMBLES ON THE OLD ADAGE, "THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE NEVER DID RUN SMOOTH."
- ACT III. GERALDINE MEETS ONE OF THE BITTER EPISODES OF LIFE WITH THE DETERMINATION TO LET NO ONE SOLVE HER PROBLEM FOR HER.
- ACT IV. THE STUBBORNNESS OF GERALDINE.
-

"No woman can pretend she loves a man, unless she has faith in him, and the only one able to destroy that faith should be the man she loves."—ACT III.

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CHARACTERS

2 GERALDINE LANG.

3 VI TOMPSON.

a MRS. WRIGHTON.

2, FRÄULEIN HANDT.

wt MRS. JARS.

2c ~~wt~~ MRS. MATHEWSON.

2c MRS. DREED.

2c FIRST LADY PASSENGER — MRS. WHIPPLE.

2c SECOND LADY PASSENGER — MISS PINEY.

2c THIRD LADY PASSENGER — MISS LANSING.

wt STEWARDESS.

2c ANOTHER LADY PASSENGER.

1 COUNT CARLOS KINSEY.

a, MR. WRIGHTON.

3, LORD TILBURY.

MR. CRAGER.

wt JARS.

wt STEWARD.

THORNTON.

MAN PASSENGER.

wt EXPRESSMAN.

3, THE SHIP'S DOCTOR.

OTHER GUESTS AND PASSENGERS.

Originally produced at the Hyperion Theatre,
New Haven, and on November 3, 1902, at the Gar-
rick Theatre, New York, with the following cast : —

Geraldine Lang	Mary Mannering
Vi Tompson	Amy Ricard
Mrs. Wrighton	Mrs. Hone
Fräulein Handt	Anita Rothe
Mrs. Jars	Rosa Cooke
Mrs. Mathewson	Marian Gardiner
Mrs. Dreed	Kathleen Chambers
Mrs. Harry K. Whipple	Dene Woodruff
Miss Piney	Florence Stewart
Molly Lansing	Florence Breed
Stewardess	Carolyn James
Another Lady Passenger	Anna Archer
Count Carlos Kinsey	Arthur Byron
Mr. Wrighton	John Saville
Lord Tilbury	H. Hassard-Short
Mr. Crager	Albert S. Howson
Jars	Herbert Ayling
Steward	Charles Martin
Thornton	Sidney Mansfield
Man Passenger	Charles Haskins
Expressman	David Proctor
The Ship's Doctor	George Elwood

ACT I

The deck of a ship. The railing is at the footlights, and beyond it, against the cabin's sides, are rows of steamer chairs facing the audience. At Right of the Centre are double doors to the principal gangway; at Left of the Centre is a gangway through to the other side of the ship, where the audience sees the railing and the sea and sky beyond. Along this gangway promenaders are constantly passing. Most of the steamer chairs have their bored occupants in them, and scattered about there is still the paraphernalia of a voyage two-thirds finished. There are half-empty lemonade glasses perilously placed beside chairs, remnants of once white grapes, like tawdry boarding-house keepers who have seen better days, on

2 THE STUBBORNNESS OF GERALDINE

*white plates tucked into out-of-the-way corners.
A conversational child is conspicuous. It
is late afternoon.*

*There is a few moments' silence; then a MAN
PASSENGER, reading, turns a page. The CHILD
drops her doll and picks it up. A MAN, on his
way around the ship, walks rapidly from Right
to Left in a businesslike manner of taking exer-
cise. After him TWO GIRLS, arm in arm, walk
more slowly, talking, and disappear at Right.*

WOMAN PASSENGER. [*Querulously.*] Steward!

STEWARD. [*Off stage, Right.*] Coming, madam!

[*He enters.*

MAN PASSENGER. Steward!

STEWARD. [*Hesitates at centre.*] Yes, sir!

WOMAN PASSENGER. Steward!!

STEWARD. Yes, madam.

[*Going to the WOMAN and tucking in her shawl.*

THE STUBBORNNESS OF GERALDINE 3

WOMAN PASSENGER. I want some lemonade, steward!

STEWARD. [*Going toward Right.*] Yes, miss.

WOMAN PASSENGER. [*Calls after him.*] With ice, plenty of ice, steward!

STEWARD. Yes, miss.

[*Going.*

MAN PASSENGER. Steward!

STEWARD. [*Stopping near him.*] Yes, sir.

MAN PASSENGER. Can you tell me if this damned boat is *ever* going to get across?

STEWARD. Yes, sir, we ought to land in another day, sir.

[MAN PASSENGER *grunts*.

[STEWARD *goes out at Right*.

[*The MAN again walks rapidly by from Right to*

Left on his fourteenth lap and passes out of sight.

FRAÜLEIN. [*A thin, sweet-faced German woman,*

STEWARD. I don't know, sir.

[*The STEWARD goes to the WOMAN PASSENGER.*

FRÄULEIN. [*To anybody, laughing.*] Dat vas
ein corker!

STEWARD. Lemonade, madam.

WOMAN PASSENGER. Thanks. [*The STEWARD
tucks up her shawl and makes her more com-
fortable.*] I'd like some prunes for my dinner,
steward.

STEWARD. [*Starting to go.*] Very good, madam.

WOMAN PASSENGER. Steward!

STEWARD. [*Stopping.*] Yes, madam.

WOMAN PASSENGER. When will we get in?

STEWARD. Couldn't say, madam.

WOMAN PASSENGER. Well, I wish you'd go to
the captain of this boat and say that Mrs. Harry
K. Whipple, of Salem, Mass., would like to know
just when we *do* get there!

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STEWARD. Yes, madam.

[Going toward Right, stops to tuck in a passenger.

[The MAN, the amateur pedestrian, walks rapidly by from Right to Left again. The TWO GIRLS pass him and join the FRÄULEIN. One of these is VI TOMPSON, a breezy, natural, whole-souled, perfectly untrammelled girl of the soil — a western Eve. Her companion is a more colourless young person, the sort of girl that would be content to rest in the contrasted shade of VI's vivacious spirits.

VI. It would be a perfect day, wouldn't it, if it weren't for these awful swells every little while — they make you feel just like express elevators, don't they?

FRÄULEIN. Vere iss Mees Geraldine?

VI. Oh, she's all right! She's playing thir um-bob — you know that game — in the bow w

the English Lord. *My dear!* It's *such a case!*
I think you're the sweetest chaperon, or companion, or whatever you are, that ever was!
Really, I do!

FRÄULEIN. Oh, Mees Geraldine iss quite safe.
She nefer need no chaperong!

VI. Well, I only wish mamma was like you!
I tell you it's lucky for me she's so seasick, or I shouldn't be having any fun with the Doctor at all! [*This latter added in a more confidential manner and amusedly.*] ISN'T he *handsome!*
Oh, my! And when we walk, you know, he goes so fast I *have* to take his arm to keep up with him! — *have to!!!* [*Laughs.*] Well! I think he's *perfectly* lovely — that's all! *Perfectly!*

FRÄULEIN. And where iss your fader — that he haf not see —

[*Interrupted.*]

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VI. Oh, popper never sees anything, even on shore, except figures and numbers. And on board he lies in the smoking room all day. He's made all our fees at poker, and won three pools besides! Popper's awfully clever! ⁴

[The MAN walks by again from Right to Left, and VI's friend pulls her arm to notice him.]

VI. *[Looks at him, and then turns to FRÄULEIN.]* I don't think he's so good-looking, do you? Jess is crazy about him. But of course I'm colour blind, anyway; all I can see just now is *brass buttons!* He's going to give me one for a hat-pin! *Really!* *[They start to walk again, and she calls back over her shoulder.]* Won't that be *perfectly lovely!*

[A STEWARDESS, carrying a hot-water bag, followed by a STEWARD, lead out from the double doorway the figure of a pale woman, pretty well enveloped in wraps of an indiscriminate st

*They place her carefully in an empty chair
Left of FRÄULEIN.*

VI. [*Stopping.*] Oh, here's Miss Piney! I'm
so glad you're feeling better.

STEWARDESS. Oh, yes, she'll be hall right now
she's hup and hout in the hair!

VI. Yes, indeed! And it's a beautiful day!

[MISS PINEY *rolls her eyes, as much as to say*
at present there can be no beauty in any day
for her.

FRÄULEIN. Unt de sea yust like a mill pond
—parfecdly smoot except yust every leetle
once!

VI. You *look* splendidly, Miss Piney, *not at*
all ill!

[MISS PINEY *is safe in her chair by now, and*
well wrapped, from her feet with overshoes,

to her head in its baby-blue crocheted arrangement. The hot-water bag is at her feet. She gives a long sigh, and lies quite still with her eyes shut.

[The STEWARDESS goes back, downstairs.]

STEWARD. *[To VI.]* Excuse me, miss, your mother asked me to tell you she wanted to see you.

[He follows the STEWARDESS.]

VI. Oh, pshaw! Mamma's too boring! She's always sending for me to ask if I've found out when we land, or if popper's drinking too much. And how can I tell? *[To FRÄULEIN.]* Say, if the Doctor should come by here alone, won't you grab him, please, and try to keep him till I come back? I just hate to leave the deck for five minutes — because, of course, every other girl on this boat, not to mention the five *widows, crape* and *grass*,

are all dying to get him away from me! But I'm not afraid of you! — You know what I mean!

[And with her arm about her friend, she goes out through the double doors.]

FRÄULEIN. *[To MISS PINEY.]* I hope dat yer vas feeling much better as already!

[MISS PINEY opens her eyes to give FRÄULEIN one miserable and speechless glance, and then closes them again.]

[The MAN walks on from Right, but as the ship sways far forward, stops, with his legs wide apart to steady himself. Again there are cries and laughter, the noise of crockery and glass colliding; several people slide from their chairs. Down the passageway Left, half run, half fall LORD TILBURY and GERALDINE.]

[GERALDINE is a very handsome girl, with the love of life in her face and speech and manner;

like Vi, she is whole-souled and unaffected, but she is more cultivated than Vi, more emotional, and with a more tender sense of humour.

[TILBURY is a very good-looking, very smart-looking young Englishman, a "good sort," who needs, however, more experience and more years than the average man to get him out of his salad days.

GERALDINE. [*Cries out.*] Lord Tilbury!

[*She clutches him to save herself from falling. He falls, but she remains standing, and all brace themselves for the return roll of the ship. This being duly accomplished, the travellers settle down again. The STEWARDS run hither and thither, and GERALDINE helps LORD TILBURY to rise.*

TILBURY. Thanks awfully. So glad it wasn't

GERALDINE. [*Laughing.*] So am I!

[MISS PINEY *slowly rises, feebly, and with difficulty extricates herself from her belongings.*

GERALDINE and TILBURY *hurry to assist her to the doorway, where the STEWARDESS takes her and she retires.*

GERALDINE. Miss Piney's even a worse sailor than you, Lord Tilbury.

TILBURY. But really — I haven't been seasick. Really! Really! It was only a cold with dizziness.

GERALDINE. [*Laughs pleasantly at him.*] I know that cold! And Miss Piney, she has *heart weakness*, that's all — she's not seasick. O dear, no! Only heart weakness!

TILBURY. And what is *your* pet illness?

GERALDINE. I *love* the sea, and never am ill on it.

TILBURY. And on the land?

GERALDINE. I never am ill on the land, either!

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TILBURY. Really! what a beastly healthy person!

GERALDINE. Oh, do hit some wood quick or my luck may change. [*She stamps on the deck with her right heel. He follows her action.*] Thank you! I think I'll sit down. [*Sitting on the arm of FRÄULEIN's chair.*] Do you know my friend, Fräulein Handt?

[She introduces them.]

FRÄULEIN. I 'ave knowed your fader at sight, Lord Tilbury. I vas one time governess in de Austro-Hungary Embassy, unt he vas often to de house.

TILBURY. Really! I don't know my father very well!

FRÄULEIN. Ah, but dat vas ven you vas at school.

[She settles back in her chair to let them talk together without her.]

GERALDINE. Are you coming down to dinner, Fräulein? \

FRAÜLEIN. I tink not, I go sleeping now.

[Closes her eyes.]

GERALDINE. *[Amused, aside to TILBURY.]* The dear creature thinks that's *tact*!

[Both laugh gently.]

TILBURY. She's an awfully good sort, isn't she? How long have you been abroad, Miss Lang?

GERALDINE. One hundred years!

TILBURY. Really!!

GERALDINE. Well, it seems that! Ever since I can remember; I came over here at the age of five!

TILBURY. Really!

GERALDINE. I haven't a relative in the world, but I've some property in New York, and that is my home, and I'm happy to say at last I'm going back!

TILBURY. *Really!*

GERALDINE. [*Laughingly.*] If you say “*really*” again, I think I shall die!!

TILBURY. I beg your pardon —

[*Interrupted.*

GERALDINE. I’m sure it must sound **v**ery strange to you, but it’s really very simple! At the age of four I was left to my last relative, an uncle, a — I have gathered and imagined and *intuitived* — *rather gay person*, who wouldn’t accept a little girl niece as a gift!

TILBURY. You might be in the way, I suppose!

GERALDINE. Exactly! Who says Englishmen are dense!! So he railroaded me off to Stuttgart — of all dull places! — with a dear old German lady, the aunt of Fräulein. Didn’t he, Fräulein?

FRÄULEIN. Yah!

GERALDINE. [*Amused, to TILBURY.*] Not asleep

yet! Well, when *she* followed all my other relatives, except Uncle Ray, she left me *in* charge of my friend here, who is the dearest thing in the world — aren't you, Fräulein? [FRÄULEIN *snores.*] She's only pretending! She's too modest to answer that question. [FRÄULEIN *giggles.*] I told you! [*They stroll down to the rail and lean on it, looking over.*] Well — now my uncle died last month, and he's left me a big fortune and a magnificent new house.

TILBURY. He left you everything?!

GERALDINE. Everything!!

TILBURY. He never married, then?

GERALDINE. No; they say he never could decide on *which*!

TILBURY. Isn't there any one there you know?

GERALDINE. Yes, the old housekeeper, and

her husband, who is butler. I have childish memories about them both. Mrs. Jars was a dear, fat, jolly woman, with a pocket never empty of sweets — Oh, *I* loved her!

TILBURY. Are you glad to be going back to America?

GERALDINE. Glad!?! *Glad!!* Surely an Englishman knows what love of one's country means! — how it's born in one, and nothing ever gets it out! Let me tell you something! The day I sailed, a pale, small, timid girl, this same uncle gave me, to wave from the boat, a little stars and stripes; Uncle Ray *DID love* his country — as well as a few other things! Perhaps you'll think it silly of me, but from that day to this I've never let go that little flag. I've travelled all over Europe, but never went to sleep one night without it under my pillow at first, and afterward in a little sort of amulet

about my neck [*Taking hold of a chain she wears.*], when it threatened to become *rags!* Glad to go back to America? It's what I've been dreaming of, longing for, *waiting* for on tiptoe since the very hour I left fourteen years ago! *Glad!* I don't pretend to explain; I can only tell you that even to *speak of going back* fills me with an emotion I don't understand. I feel it here! [*Her hand over her bosom.*] And here! [*At her throat.*] It's — why — it's *home*, you know, that's all!

TILBURY. I know what you mean. I felt it in South Africa.

GERALDINE. [*With quick interest and sympathy.*] Were you in *many battles* there?

TILBURY. No, but I was in *all* the hospitals!

GERALDINE. [*She laughs.*] Let's walk. [*To FRÄULEIN.*] We're going to walk up and down a little, just here in front of you.

FRÄULEIN. [*Without opening her eyes.*] Oh! I vas not afraid ven you vill be lost! But don't forget dat a long time de first horn for tinner have tooted!

GERALDINE. [*As they begin to walk.*] Now I've told you the story of *my* life. Tell me yours! Is this your first visit to America?

TILBURY. Yes, I've been to Ireland and Paris, besides South Africa, but of course New York is different.

GERALDINE. But *New York* isn't *America*!

TILBURY. No, I suppose not — there's Chicago, isn't there, and Washington — [*Stops walking.*] — only I hear that's very cosmopolitan, — and there *used* to be a Boston, didn't there?

GERALDINE. Horrors!!

TILBURY. Across a bridge?

GERALDINE. [*With relief.*] Oh! you're mixed;

there used to be Brooklyn, but now it's greater New York !

[They start to move on again and meet VI coming with the DOCTOR from the opposite direction. As they pass, VI catches hold of GERALDINE'S arm, holding her back, and speaks in her ear, the DOCTOR standing a step or two in advance of her, and TILBURY discreetly waiting a few steps in front of GERALDINE.]

VI. I think you're just too mean for anything to keep a real live lord all alone to yourself. Still, I'm not mad, because I've got second prize ! Don't you think he's *perfectly lovely* !

GERALDINE. *[Amused.]* Who ?

VI. Why, the *Doctor* !

GERALDINE. Perfectly.

VI. *[Going on with the DOCTOR, calls back.]* I'll exchange !

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GERALDINE. [*Calls over her shoulder.*] All right!

TILBURY. She's a jolly sort of girl. Where does she come from?

GERALDINE. Her home is in Butte City, Montana.

TILBURY. Really!

GERALDINE. O dear, ~~that~~ that awful word's come back! Are you coming over to us to *get married?*

TILBURY. No, just the opposite. [*They stop walking.*] So as *not* to get married.

GERALDINE. [*Opening her eyes wide.*] "Really!" I'm afraid you're going to the wrong place! You ought to have gone to where I've been — Stuttgart! *Somebody's SURE to marry you in America!*

[*They go on.*]

TILBURY. No; you see it's this way. I'm

awfully keen to marry Rosy Boggs. She's in the Gaiety. Maybe you've seen her in the *Toreador*. She's the third from the end on the right all through the first act, and is the one that says, "He didn't go this way!" [*Eagerly.*] Do you remember her?

GERALDINE. I don't think so.

TILBURY. Perhaps you remember her in the last act. \ She's on the opposite side in that act, and she substitutes in the octette when any one of the other girls are ill. [*Stops.*] But perhaps you don't go every night. I've only missed two performances, and one was a matinée.

GERALDINE. No, I wasn't in London long, and I didn't go to the Gaiety regularly.

TILBURY. Well, you'd have seen she's a *lady born*, only her parents are a bit offish; the father keeps a public house, and Rosy began behind his bar, but she was too refined and couldn't stand it.

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My governor's so obtuse he won't see Rosy a little bit, and threatens to cut me off with a ha'penny — isn't it awful!

GERALDINE. If I loved her, I'd marry her anyway.

TILBURY. But Rosy *won't!*

GERALDINE. Oh, then, Rosy doesn't love *you*.

TILBURY. Yes, she does! She's *awful* gone on me, but she's so *noble!* She says she won't marry me unless my father relents, because she couldn't bear to have me cut off with a ha'penny, — don't you see, — on her account?

GERALDINE. Oh, yes, I think I *do see!*

[*Laughing.*

[GERALDINE *sings a couple of lines of "Rosy, you are my Posy."*

TILBURY. I say, you're awfully sympathetic. I've been awful keen to talk to somebody about it.

We're all in hopes I'll forget Rosy over here, but I'm afraid I won't.

[Bugle call for dinner, in the distance.]

GERALDINE. Just wait! You've no idea what damage American girls can do to a little memory like that.

TILBURY. You know you remind me a little of Rosy — if you won't mind my saying it.

GERALDINE. Goodness — already! If I've shaken your precious souvenir the least little bit, Miss Vi Thompson of Butte City, in her own language, "won't do a thing to it!"

[A STEWARD appears and gives loud bugle call for dinner. Many more people have been promenading during the end of this scene, and the speeches have been broken, interrupted, and continued, etc., as GERALDINE and TILBURY have made way for the others to pass them. The

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sun has also sunk; there is the clear light without the yellow of the sun, leaving only red and gold seen in the clouds over the horizon. At the sound of the call all rise from their chairs except WOMAN PASSENGER and FRÄULEIN. A STEWARD hurries in, and is busy helping the women, while another with the menu card waits on FRÄULEIN and WOMAN PASSENGER. There is a general crowd walking about on the deck.

GERALDINE. [*Casually.*] The last call. I suppose we must go down!

[*They move on and meet VI. GERALDINE, with TILBURY, pauses and stops VI.*

GERALDINE. Miss Tompson.

VI. My dear, aren't you going down?

GERALDINE. I want to present Lord Tilbury to you.

VI. How do you do, Lord Tilbury. [TILBURY

bows.] I *am* pleased to make your acquaintance. I saw you the first day out, and I wanted to know you then, you had such a perfectly\ lovely suit of clothes on. Didn't he, Miss Lang! It was the *sweetest suit* on the boat! But you *disappeared* for several days, till this morning!

TILBURY. Yes, I caught a bad cold.

VI. [*Laughs.*] Oh, come! It's been *terribly* rough! I don't mind confessing that *I* was awfully seasick. I wanted to go straight down to the bottom, Paris clothes and all! Which reminds me of the *killinglest* story popper told us he heard from the second officer. Oh, but I don't know Lord Tilbury well enough to tell him funny stories yet.

TILBURY. I hope after dinner we may\ become much better acquainted, and shall look forward with pleasure to the story. You will be on deck after dinner?

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VI. Oh, yes, I think it's perfectly lovely on deck at night! I just adore the stars and the moonlight, don't you! It makes you feel so happy and sociable. Oh, I just think it's too *lovely* for anything. Yes, siree!

TILBURY. Till after dinner, then!

[*He bows.*]

VI. Good-by!

GERALDINE. Good-by!

TILBURY. Good-by.

[*He goes downstairs.*]

VI. Oh, my dear, I think he's perfectly lovely! And it was just too sweet of you for worlds to introduce him. *Most* girls would have kept him locked up in the ice box.

GERALDINE. Come along, we must go too.

VI. [*Laughingly.*] I'm so mad! Mamma's coming down to dinner to-night. You know I've

had the table alone with popper and a whole lot of men, and I do think men *are so nice*, don't you! — and now mamma'll come down and *cut me right out!* You know mamma's the sweetest thing that ever was! She is really! But you've never seen *her*; have you? Well, you must to-morrow if she's up. See you later.

[She goes downstairs, through the double doors.]

[STEWARD gives FRÄULEIN her basket of food, and passing on to WOMAN PASSENGER, serves her also. Then he goes out.]

[GERALDINE goes to FRÄULEIN.]

GERALDINE. Fräulein!

FRÄULEIN. Yes, tear, can't you guess for vy I vas staying?

GERALDINE. *[Delighted.]* To see who it is leaves the white rose every night during dinner on my chair?!

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FRÄULEIN. You vas right!

GERALDINE. You darling, — but if he sees you here, he won't leave the rose.

FRÄULEIN. You know it iss a *he*, den?

GERALDINE. I don't *know*, but I *hope* it is a *he*! I have all sorts of ideas about it. Nothing half so romantic ever happened to me before in my life!

FRÄULEIN. Vell, ven I eats, I keep von sharb lookoud, unt ven I see someting, I am asleep, so!

GERALDINE. Good! [*Kisses her.*] I shall be back before very long. I'm not hungry, and I can't sit through these awful dinners.

[*She goes hurriedly through the double doors.*]

FRÄULEIN *eats.*

[*Twilight is falling, and the red is dying out of the sky.*]

WOMAN PASSENGER. *Steward!*

STEWARD. [*Entering Left with a basket-tray full of used dishes.*] Yes, madam.

WOMAN PASSENGER. [*Querulously.*] My baked potatoes aren't baked and my beefsteak is a mutton chop.

STEWARD. Very sorry, madam. Shall I —

WOMAN PASSENGER. No, no matter, I'll eat it, but it's stone cold. I shall never cross on this line again! I never saw such food. [STEWARD starts to go, but stops as she speaks.] Steward! Bring me some champagne with ice, plenty of ice.

STEWARD. Yes, madam.

[*He goes through the double doors.*

[*As he goes, COUNT CARLOS KINSEY appears from Right and comes toward GERALDINE'S empty chair; when he gets near enough to see FRÄULEIN, he starts and stops. But FRÄULEIN has heard him coming and seems to be asleep,*

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with her head turned away. KINSEY comes carefully along and lays a white rose in GERALDINE'S chair. At this moment FRÄULEIN pretends to wake up with a start, crying, "Oh!"

KINSEY. [*Also starts and bows low.*] I beg a pardon.

FRÄULEIN. With pleasure! [*She looks in the chair and sees the rose.*] Excuse me, I tink you drop someting?

KINSEY. No, I look at ze rose which have blossomed where ze young lady vas!

FRÄULEIN. Aber! Mein Gott, it iss Count Kinsey! [*Rising.*]

KINSEY. Sh! Please.

[*TWO GIRLS pass by, talking.*]

KINSEY. Zat is true, I vas Count Carlos Kinsey. [*With another bow.*] You please sit down? But how you know ME! I nefer haf see you!

FRÄULEIN. [*Sitting on side of chair.*] I vas de governess a liddle vile in your ungle's family ven he vas ambassador at London, and I 'ave you seen dere, ven you vas for a leedle while secretary.

KINSEY. Yess, mine older broder Adolph's place I have take. My broder, Count Kinsey, he leaf London, but I not happy there and I just six months have stayed.

FRÄULEIN. Yes, dat vas ven I vas dere, and ven your ungle have vent to Paris, I have been now de companion to de young lady of de white roses.

KINSEY. All dat iss *very* well! If you have lived wiz mine uncle, you vill do his nephew a one great favour, not?

FRÄULEIN. Yah. [*She adds in German.*] | Let us speak German, it will be so much easier for us both.

KINSEY. Nein, it besser iss we talk English for

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ze practice, vill you not for me? Fräulein, pleaze, gif to me your promise, your — I tink ze word — sacred honour zat you vill not tell Meess Lang!

FRÄULEIN. You know Meess Geraldine's name?

KINSEY. Yess! I ask for eet ze first time vat I hafe see her in Budapesth.

FRÄULEIN. Oh, dat vill pleaze her romantic heart!

KINSEY. Gif to me your sacred promise you vill not tell to her mine name, or who I are!

FRÄULEIN. Vy?

KINSEY. It can no harm do. Vill you promise — not?

FRÄULEIN. Yah — but vy?

KINSEY. [*Very simply.*] I loaf her!

[*A second's pause.*

FRÄULEIN. Oh! Dat is peautiful! But den, vy don't you vant to know her?

KINSEY. I am one crazy man to know her, and you vill me present her, not? By anozer name! Mistair Carlman.

FRÄULEIN. I understand nuttings! —

KINSEY. I vas forefer now to be only Mistair Carlman. I hafe no money. I hafe came over here in ze second class so zat I vas on ze same boat wiz her, — and in America I find me work, and become an American working gentleman, not? I play ze violin, I make very quick ze figures. I paints a leetle and I dances very much! Oh, in America I very soon get me rich! Beside, I vas not of work afraid. I vill do anyzing that will gif me enough much money to beg Mees Lang dat she vill be mine wife, not becauze I vas one *count*, but becauze she loaf me! But she iss very rich, not?

[*He sighs.*

FRÄULEIN. Ach! *Awful* rich!

KINSEY. Ah! You see!! Zey must not tink me a *poor count*—I tink ze word—hunting? a rich American meess, so for zat I must mine name change. And mine family, they vould not listen zat I vas came over here to WORK at *anyzing*. They would tink I was crazy gone and lock me up, so for zat also I must change mine name!

FRÄULEIN. Och, Himmel! Yah! I see now, dat iss besser.

KINSEY. Oh, yess! it ees! because I vill not ask her before as I 'ave ze money to—how you say it?—“*make all ze bills?*”

FRÄULEIN. [*Laughing.*] Vell! dat vas vat SOME HUSBANDS do, but I tink YOU vould mean PAY *all de bills!*

KINSEY. Yess! I vill nefer life by mine vife's money. To ask of her to do zat vould insult me. — No! Nefer! I vait! —

FRÄULEIN. You vas right, for eferybody would believe you vas after her fortune.

[TWO COUPLES, *and a MAN alone, smoking, pass by.*

KINSEY. And yet, perhaps, after all, she will loaf some one else! — not?

FRÄULEIN. She has keep all your roses.

KINSEY. But it ees perhaps so long before I can tell her I loaf her—before that I hafe ze money also to gife her!

[PEOPLE *begin to crowd the deck, men striking matches for their cigars and cigarettes. The sky is dark blue and stars come out. It is dark, and electric lights are turned on, two or three on the ceiling of the deck, one over the FRÄULEIN. Half of the crowd walks, laughing and talking, with the MEN smoking.*

VI. [Comes along on her friend's arm and stops

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by FRÄULEIN.] Fräulein, there's a lovely ship awfully close on the other side, you ought to see it.

[The cry of a ship on the other side is passed along the crowd, and they all go through the passageway or disappear at each end. Some of them can be seen through the passageway leaning over the far rail.]

[The moon slowly rises.]

[TILBURY has come out and goes to FRÄULEIN.

KINSEY. *[As he sees TILBURY approach.]* You will not tell her? — yes?

FRÄULEIN. I swear it, no!

TILBURY. You don't want to see the ship, Fräulein Handt?

FRÄULEIN. No, I want only to see de *landt*, and I tink I must go now unt find Miss Geraldine.

You vill excuse me, Lord Tilbury,— you know
Herr —

[She hesitates, at a loss.]

KINSEY. *[Hesitates a moment, and then says.]*
Carlman.

FRÄULEIN. He is from Budapesth, vere I have
once lived. Good night.

KINSEY. Auf Wiedersehen.

TILBURY. Good night!

*[TILBURY and KINSEY come down to rail; KINSEY
offers TILBURY a cigarette, and they light them
during the dialogue that follows. The
STEWARD goes about gathering up the rugs,
etc.]*

TILBURY. I had quite a pal in London from
Budapesth — Count Kinsey, the Count Kinsey,
the older brother. Thanks! *[Referring to the
cigarette that Kinsey offers him.]* Everybody

called him Dolly at the Gaiety. Clever girls, those! His name was Adolph. Did you know him? Thanks!

[*Lighting his cigarette from a match of KINSEY'S.*

KINSEY. It is probably vile he was in London then I was in Budapesth.

[*Lights his own cigarette.*

TILBURY. He *was* a gay chap. His crowd was too tight a screw for me, but I knew him through Rosy. Do you know Rosy Boggs? She's rippin'! [KINSEY *looks puzzled.*] You've seen the *Toreador*?

KINSEY. Oh, yes!

TILBURY. That's Rosy!—the third from the end on the right all through the first act! It's a nice little part. She has a line in that act, "He didn't go this way!" And, by George, how she does say it! [*Delighted with the memory.*] Rippin'! Kinsey was daft for a year on the little American

girly who stood next to Rosy. He followed her to Russia in the autumn, and back, and she's only just now run off with an American jockey over here! But Kinsey's after her. I read in a paper the day we started that Count Kinsey sailed under an assumed name the same week as we did, chasing an American girl.

KINSEY. [*Really moved.*] Zat is very strange!

TILBURY. Oh, no, it isn't. You see Kinsey's got a lot of very nasty debts in London and Paris, and daren't show his face in Budapesth. Rosy says it's his American girly's been paying the little bills and that's why Kinsey's come over — he can't afford to lose her!

KINSEY. [*Draws himself up, angry but dignified.*]
I beg your pardon.

TILBURY. What's up?

KINSEY. Nussing! I only could not help me one minute's resentful of such bad an accusation to — mine countryman!

VI. [*Passing.*] *Good evening!*

TILBURY. Good evening! Are you racing?

VI. Oh, no! [*Coming back quickly.*] Did you see the boat? Wasn't it perfectly lovely! I thought it looked too sweet over there! Mr. — Lord Tilbury, Molly, my friend Miss Lansing — from Altoona. [*Both acknowledge the introduction.* Have you seen the moon? Isn't it a *perfect* DEAR!

TILBURY. But I haven't seen it!

VI. You oughtn't to miss it, ought he, Molly! It's a real *American* moon, you know. You never saw anything like it before.

TILBURY. May I come along and see it now?

VI. Of course! We'll be perfectly delighted, won't we, Molly?

[The three then go off Left, leaving KINSEY alone.]

He leans against the rail.

[Others pass by, including a STEWARD.]

KINSEY. Steward!

STEWARD. Yes, sir.

[He comes to him.]

KINSEY. I vas stealing a very long visit zis night! —

STEWARD. That's all right, sir. Stay as long as you like, sir.

KINSEY. I tank you.

[Gives him money.]

STEWARD. Thanks, sir.

[He goes as FRÄULEIN and GERALDINE come out from the big doorway. GERALDINE goes to her chair and gets her rose. FRÄULEIN waits for her.]

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KINSEY. Poor old Adolph! Vat a beasts he iss; but he cannot help dat, he always so vas.

[FRÄULEIN, *with* GERALDINE, *joins* KINSEY.

FRÄULEIN. Talking mit de stars?

KINSEY. No, I iss afraid I vas speaking to ze opposite direction!

FRÄULEIN. I vant to introduce you to Mees Lang.

[KINSEY *bows very low.*

FRÄULEIN. Herr—

[*She hesitates.*

KINSEY. Carlman.

GERALDINE. I am very glad to meet you, Herr Carlman.

[KINSEY *touches her hand for a second only.*

She leans on the rail beside him. FRÄULEIN is on her other side. The two forget FRÄULEIN is there.

KINSEY. You vill excuse, me, please how I speak ze language?

GERALDINE. Oh, you speak splendidly! [*Kinsey demurs.*] Thank you so much for all the white roses.

KINSEY. I tank *you* for wearing zem!

[*A moment's pause.*]

GERALDINE. [*Looking straight out over the rails.*] Isn't it a lovely evening!

KINSEY. [*Also looking straight out.*] Wunder-schoen!

[*Another second's pause. FRÄULEIN steals away.*]

[*KINSEY and GERALDINE speak softly under the influence of the evening.*]

GERALDINE. Fräulein says you saw us in Budapesth, didn't you, Fräulein? [*Looking.*] Oh! She's gone. She's not very well to-day. Those big swells we had this afternoon weren't *congenial* to her!

KINSEY. I hafe saw you at ze ball at ze Countess Tratsky's.

GERALDINE. Yes, I was there, and I *did* have such a good time!

KINSEY. But you away hafe gone so early.

GERALDINE. Wasn't it horrid! But we were taking an early train the next morning. Were you one of those beautiful creatures in uniform, with lovely furred jackets hung over one shoulder?

KINSEY. I *was* in a uniform.

GERALDINE. I adore the Hungarians!

KINSEY. [*Enthusiastically.*] Do you!!

GERALDINE. Yes — their music and costumes and manners, and all that.

KINSEY. Oh! But *I* hafe vent on to London also.

GERALDINE. *Did* you? Do you know London very well?

KINSEY. Oh, very vell; I have live zere; but dis
time I go because zey tell me at your hotel zat you
'ave gone zere.

GERALDINE. That wasn't a very good reason,
especially as *I* didn't know it.

KINSEY. Yess!

GERALDINE. What are you going to America
for?

KINSEY. Vell! for one reason I go to — I tink
ze word — earn? mine living.

GERALDINE. You'll have lots of splendid com-
pany doing that in America. And your other
reason for going? It can't be to marry, or you
wouldn't have begun with the other. Foreigners
usually just jumble those two reasons up together.

KINSEY. I iss sorry, but I cannot tell you my
ozer reason — not now!

GERALDINE. Oh, I beg your pardon, Mr. —

KINSEY. [*Hesitatingly.*] Carlman.

GERALDINE. Carlman, I'm afraid I was too curious.

KINSEY. No, no, Mees Lang, it was not so, and zere iss one sing I must—I tink ze word—I must discover you—mine name iss not Carlman. But you must not efer ask me ze real one—zat I can nefer tell.

GERALDINE. [*Half amused.*] I never will—

KINSEY. Zat is a promise?

GERALDINE. [*Smiling.*] Certainly, if you like.

KINSEY. You understand? I vas not—I tink ze word—*ashame* of mine name, it iss more possibility ashame of *me!*

GERALDINE. Why? What have you done?

KINSEY. Nussing! We hafe all nefer done nussing much, but over here I do *some* thing, *much*, all zat I can.

GERALDINE. [*Seeing a curious bundle he half conceals.*] Is that a violin?

KINSEY. Yes. It vas going with me after I left ze rose, far up in ze back to play to mineself a leettle.

GERALDINE. Oh, I wish you'd play a little here! Would you? Every one's on the other side because it's warmer! [*He is taking his violin from its wrapping.*] Oh, you will! How delightful!

KINSEY. I try unt sing you one leettle Viennese song. You like zat?

GERALDINE. I shall *love* it!

KINSEY. Yes, it *iss* a *loaf* song!

GERALDINE. But I shan't understand the words!

KINSEY. [*Smiling.*] No, zat is *why* I dare to sing him!

[KINSEY *sings an old Viennese love song—
accompanying himself pizzicato on the violin.*

[*Toward the end one of the port-holes opens and a
woman looks out. A group of young people
led by VI and TILBURY come through the
passage at Left and stand at the end to listen.
When he finishes these people applaud. KIN-
SEY, who has been lost in his song, starts, as
does Geraldine.*

[*After the applause.*] Oh, ze beastly peoples!
[*Puts away his violin.*

GERALDINE. [*Shyly, but a little tenderly and
smiling.*] *I wish I knew the words.*

[*VI and her friends sit in chairs by the staircase
Left and on the stairs and on the rugs on the
deck.*

KINSEY. I vill in English write it one ozer day—
perhaps.

[*A second's pause.*

GERALDINE. [*Looking up.*] What a lovely night!

KINSEY. [*Gazing at her.*] I tink ze word —
most beautifulest!

[*Vi and her friends begin singing an old college song, "Uppidee! Uppidee!"*

GERALDINE. [*After a moment.*] They are singing an old American college song! I have it in a book of my father's. You know I'm going home for the first time in fourteen years. Can you imagine how I feel?

KINSEY. Yes, I feel ze same way!

GERALDINE. You can't! You're going *away* from home!

KINSEY. I don't know vere I vas going, but I feel most happiest!

[*Smiling.*

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GERALDINE. But you won't tell me your true name?

KINSEY. Some day. But till zen you hafe promise you vill not ask me!

GERALDINE. And I won't — there's my word on it.

[Gives him her hand.

[Vi and her friends begin singing, "I was Seeing Nellie Home," and continue till after the curtain has fallen.

GERALDINE. But I may never see you again?

KINSEY. Oh, yes, I vill live me in New York.

GERALDINE. But New York is so *big!* Even in this little boat — think, we haven't met for five days!

KINSEY. Because I come ze second class. You know zis boat iss very — I tink ze word — *expensives?* — but I must come on him!

GERALDINE. Why?

KINSEY. Because — you — vere — on board on him.

[*A second's pause.*

GERALDINE. I think we'd better *walk* a little, don't you?

KINSEY. Vy?

GERALDINE. Oh — I'm afraid the moonlight's — just a little — *catching!* ? — / —

[*A second's pause, and they start off to walk as*

THE CURTAIN FALLS

ACT II

Two days later. The hallway of the late Mr. Raymond Lang's house in New York; a handsome room in warm gray Caen stone. On tall old gilt Italian torchères, at each side, are big branched candelabra. On the wall behind the stairs hangs a Gobelin tapestry. On the Left are the iron grills of the post door. On the Right is the door to the servants' quarters. The stairs run from Left Centre to Right. There is a door between the foot of the stairs Right Center and Right, to a reception room.

As the curtain rises MRS. JARS, a jolly, very stout,

middle-aged housekeeper in black, with large black ribbon bow at her throat, is at the foot of the staircase and starts running up.

JARS. [*A typical upper-class servant, entering Right.*] What is it, Mrs. Jars?

MRS. JARS. Don't stop me, Mr. Jars; I forgot to put out the best embroidered towels in her bedroom, and she may be here now any minute!

JARS. [*With hauteur.*] I put out the towels, Mrs. Jars!

MRS. JARS. [*Coming downstairs.*] That was just like you now, Mr. Jars, athinking even of my work. Is it clean do you think?

[*Stooping to pick up something.*

JARS. I never saw a piece of your work that wasn't!

MRS. JARS. Duckie! [*And running to him, she*

kisses him.] But there, I've forgotten something else—the window in her room—it's aired quite enough now.

[Hurrying upstairs.

JARS. Mrs. Jars, you oughtn't to run up them stairs!

MRS. JARS. *[Puffing.]* It won't hurt me.

JARS. I was a-thinking of *the stairs!*

[MRS. JARS laughs aloud. Door-bell rings.

MRS. JARS. Land sakes, there she is! Wait till I get down.

[Hurries breathlessly downstairs to Left centre, smoothing herself down, and trying to look very dignified. JARS also composes himself and opens the door. A MESSENGER BOY hands in a box of roses and a note.

JARS. Flowers for us!

MRS. JARS. *[Taking box.]* Mercy on us, if she

ain't gone and sent us one of them wireless messages!

[She opens the box, as JARS opens the letter.]

JARS. It's from Mrs. Wrighton.

MRS. JARS. Oh!— Now ain't she good, and sending Mr. Wrighton down to the boat to meet her, too.

JARS. She says for us to put them in the hall to welcome Miss Geraldine.

MRS. JARS. *[With the roses out of the box.]* Beautiful! Of course she knows we ain't got no finished drawing-room.

JARS. You get a vase, and I'll get some water.
[MRS. JARS starts to run upstairs.] There's no vase upstairs!

MRS. JARS. *[Halfway up, stops and comes back.]* Oh, ain't they!

JARS. There's one here in the pantry. *[He*

goes out Right.] I fixed it for some flowers I was going to get.

[Reënters with vase, and they arrange the flowers.

MRS. JARS. Did you! You thoughtful duckie, you.

JARS. Where's your pretty pink bow, Mrs. Jars?

MRS. JARS. Sure the young lady'll arrive all in crape, and the whole house'll have to wear black for a time to be in sympathy with her sorrer. Ain't she lost her uncle?

JARS. Little he cared for her. One letter a month and a cheque at Christmas.

MRS. JARS. It ill becomes us all the same who was remembered in his last will and testament not to sympathize with her grief. When she enters, she'll bust into a flood o' tears, I tell you,

and say, "Oh, my poor uncle!" Like as not she won't remember us at all.

JARS. Or know us if she did, probably bein' full of foreign airs.

MRS. JARS. Then she'll not be the child, I remember, who's cried her heart out many a time on my bussom. I've kept *his own* bedroom for her exactly as he left it when he died!

JARS. What!!!

MRS. JARS. It'll be like a piece of her uncle to her.

JARS. Yes, and a pretty big piece too, I reckon. Is that why you've kept that door locked?

MRS. JARS. It is. I wouldn't have a thing touched!

JARS. Mrs. Jars, you're out of your mind, your innocent baby mind! Have you unlocked the door now?

MRS. JARS. Of course!

JARS. [*Sternly.*] Then go upstairs *and lock it!*
 [*She looks at him, astonished, without moving.*]
 Quick! [*She hurries up the stairs, but halfway up*
he stops her. He is a little excited.] Mrs. Jars,
 come down, I hear wheels!

MRS. JARS. Mercy, they're coming! [*She*
hurries back in great excitement. They take their
positions side by side in the centre and are both very
excited.] Calm yourself, Mr. Jars.

JARS. [*Drawing himself up stiffly.*] Me!!

MRS. JARS. And have a mournful look on.
 Remember her coming back's a *sorrier* to
 her!

JARS. I can't make no pretence of what I don't
 feel!

MRS. JARS. Yes, you can, appearances is easy.

[*Taking out a deep black-bordered handkerchief,*

*she holds it conspicuously in her folded hands,
on her capacious front.*

JARS. Our lamented former master — thank God, he's gone — was *not* a *nice* man, Mrs. Jars.

MRS. JARS. Don't think of that; think of the thousand dollars he left us!

*[The electric bell rings violently, and some one
raps rapidly and continuously on the glass of
the front door.]*

JARS. Here she is! Now be dignified, Mrs. Jars.

MRS. JARS. *[On the verge of tears.]* I'm ready,
— but if she's like her dear mother, Jars, I'll —
I'll — go all to pieces!

*[JARS has gone to the door. He opens it. GER-
ALDINE stands there with FRÄULEIN a little
behind her. GERALDINE wears a brilliant
scarlet dress with a white rose in her
belt. FRÄULEIN is also dressed in colours.]*

*They carry hand luggage, and behind them
are two cab drivers, with more luggage.*

GERALDINE. Is this Mr. — yes — I'm sure
you're William Jars, aren't you?

[Coming toward him.]

JARS. Yes, miss.

[Bowing.]

GERALDINE. Ah! You see! I've remembered
all these years! How do you do, Jars?

[Shakes his hand.]

[FRÄULEIN follows her in.]

JARS. Very well, thank you, miss.

DRIVER. Shall we bring down the luggage?

GERALDINE. Yes, please. *[JARS half closes the
door. GERALDINE, suddenly seeing MRS. JARS,
cries out with delight.]* And there's Mrs. Jars!
Dear old Mrs. Jars! *[Kissing her.]* Just the same!
Oh, I've *never* forgotten you, and you haven't

lost a single pound, have you! I'm sure your lap is just as comfortable as ever it was, and your bosom just as comforting! Eh!

MRS. JARS. [*In tears.*] Oh, I'm sure, Miss Geraldine, you overcome me! Think of remembering o' me all these years — and you so like your mother! [*Crying, she breaks down, and speaks through her sobs.*] There, I told you, Jars, if she was like her mother, — and she's the living image, — I'd go all to pieces!

[*She runs out Right, ashamed of her exhibition of feeling.*]

GERALDINE. Dear old soul! [*She turns to her companion and puts her arm about her.*] Ah! Fräulein, this is a *real welcome home*, isn't it? — and to be told that I'm really like my mother!

FRÄULEIN. [*Enthusiastically.*] It was indeed *goot!!*

GERALDINE. But I forgot; *you* don't know Jars, do you—the butler here ever since I was a baby? This is my friend, Fräulein Handt, who lives with me.

JARS. I welcome you, too, Miss Fräulein, if you will excuse me.

FRÄULEIN. I tank you!

GERALDINE. I've told you about Jars and Mrs. Jars often! Oh, what lovely roses!

JARS. They was sent by Mrs. Wrighton, miss.

GERALDINE. How *dear* of her! [*To FRÄULEIN.*] Her older sister was mamma's most intimate friend. It was her husband who met us.

FRÄULEIN. Yes, I 'ave heard *my* aunt spoke of them. It vas one very happy marriage; they haf never got yet ben out their honeymoon.

GERALDINE. That's the kind of marriage I intend to make!

FRÄULEIN. I hope.

[*Patting her affectionately.*

[MRS. JARS *returns, wearing a big bright pink silk bow at her throat, and carrying a red embroidered handkerchief.*

MRS. JARS. Excuse me, miss, for givin' way.

GERALDINE. Of course! That made it a real home-coming for me. And I want you and Fräulein Handt to know each other, — Fräulein has brought me over.

MRS. JARS. [*With a courtesy.*] Pleased to make your acquaintance, miss.

FRÄULEIN. I tank you.

[JARS *goes out Right.*

GERALDINE. And look at the pretty pink bow ! she's put on!! Mrs. Jars, you're a coquette!

MRS. JARS. [*Confused.*] Oh, no, please, miss, I wear it to please Jars; but I put on black

to-day, thinking you might be arriving in mourning.

GERALDINE. Mourning for Uncle Ray! Whatever I am, I'm not a hypocrite! Mourning for that naughty old creature who couldn't bear me, who wouldn't have me even in the same country with him, and sent me off to that stupid hole where the childhood and girlhood were all studied out of me! No! I never *wore red* before in my life! But when I heard that precious old uncle of mine was finished, I went out that very day and bought this dress!

DRIVER. [*Pushing open door, his arms full.*] If you please, ma'am, the baggage is all down now. Shall we bring it?

MRS. JARS. Yes, of course!

[*The MEN bring in many trunks of all sizes, bandboxes, boxes, handbags, shawl straps, and steamer chairs, until the stage is actually full,*

with, in some instances, trunks and bags on top of one another. Meanwhile the following dialogue takes place.

GERALDINE. [*Referring to the luggage that begins to come in.*] I've brought with me everything I've ever owned!

MRS. JARS. Would you like to go to your room?

GERALDINE. I think I'll wait till the luggage is in.

MRS. JARS. I'm sorry to say Mr. Lang never finished this room down here. There isn't even a chair in it.

[*Opening door Left.*

GERALDINE. [*Looking in.*] Ugh! It looks like the ghost of a room, doesn't it?

MRS. JARS. Mr. Lang never entertained company, except in the dining room, and that room

and the hall was all he had furnished downstairs.

[Front bell rings. She goes to the door Left.]

Yes, ma'am, she's come!. Yes, ma'am. I think you'd better let them get in first or they'll ruin that elegant dress. *[Turns to GERALDINE.]* It's Mrs. Wrighton!

[The TWO MEN pass in with a big trunk and a little steamer one on top of it.]

GERALDINE. Oh, Fräulein, do you think she'll like me? — and only think she knew my mother, too.

[The TWO MEN, having deposited their trunks, stand to one side.]

MRS. JARS. Come in, ma'am.

MRS. WRIGHTON. *[Outside, looking at the two men.]* It's lucky the young lady hadn't to pay duty! *[She enters.]* Where is —? *[Looking about her.]* GERALDINE stands expectant, breathless.

MRS. WRIGHTON *sees her and starts.*] My dear child! [*They go quickly toward each other with outstretched hands. MRS. JARS goes out the front door. MRS. WRIGHTON is a charming woman of distinction, about forty-five years of age, and looking naturally younger; very smartly dressed, without any appearance of an effort to that end. She is perhaps more sentimental than one has the right to expect in a woman of the world, but that's forgivable; she means it, and it makes her happy.*] I would know you anywhere! [*She holds GERALDINE'S hand tight and affectionately and gazes into her face.*] The living image! The living image of your mother!

GERALDINE. [*Her throat and eyes filling.*] Oh, will you kiss me? I'm so glad to be home!

MRS. WRIGHTON. [*Taking her in her arms.*] My dear child! [*Kisses her.*] I love you already!

You're overexcited! You'll be laughing in a minute. Is this Fräulein Handt? \

GERALDINE. [*Controlling her tears.*] Oh, yes, excuse me. My dear *good old* friend and my dear *good new* friend!

MRS. WRIGHTON. [*To FRÄULEIN, shaking hands.*] I'm very glad indeed to know you. When I was Miss Geraldine's age I knew your aunt very well.

FRÄULEIN. I tank you!

GERALDINE. Would you mind sitting down here somewhere till the luggage is in?

MRS. WRIGHTON. By all means. These trunks are perfectly comfortable. [*They sit on a large trunk, side by side, FRÄULEIN standing by the door and directing the bringing in of their luggage.*] And now, Geraldine — I shall call you Geraldine?

GERALDINE. Of course.

MRS. WRIGHTON. Your mother did me a service I can never forget when I was a girl your age. I want to ask you to let me be a *second* mother to you, may I? A sort of *well-meaning stepmother*! [*Laughing.*] And to Fräulein, too!

GERALDINE. How good of you! How good of you!

FRÄULEIN. Miss Geraldine, why vill you not make haste go to your room for one leettle minute, refresh yourself mit a leettle vater? I vill vatch out for de luggages.

MRS. WRIGHTON. Yes, do, and take off your hat and make yourself comfortable.

[MRS. JARS *returns.*

GERALDINE. [*Rising.*] Mrs. Jars, will you show me my room, please?

MRS. JARS. Certainly! [*Climbing over a trunk which blocks her passage.*] And I forgot to tell

you, Miss Geraldine, that I've kept your uncle's room sacred, just as he left it, no one has been in it, till *you* go.

[*Going upstairs.*]

MRS. WRIGHTON. [*To FRÄULEIN.*] Well! [*With a long breath, laughingly.*] That's a ~~pretty~~ large order, I should imagine, for a young girl!

GERALDINE. [*Stops on stairs to speak to MRS. WRIGHTON.*] Mrs. Wrighton.

MRS. WRIGHTON. Nothing of the sort! Call me Aunt Janet.

GERALDINE. [*Delighted.*] Aunt Janet! Won't you come with me and see my room?

[*MRS. WRIGHTON half rises to go, but FRÄULEIN, with a gesture and a serious, appealing look, stops her.*]

MRS. WRIGHTON. No, dear, I'll wait here with Fräulein.

GERALDINE. Very well. I won't be long, Aunt Janet.

[*As she goes on upstairs, FRÄULEIN whispers to*
MRS. WRIGHTON.

MRS. WRIGHTON. Geraldine?

GERALDINE. Yes?

[*MRS. JARS disappears upstairs.*

MRS. WRIGHTON. Throw me that *white rose*, it's lovely.

GERALDINE. Oh! [*Putting her hand over it.*]
I'm so sorry, but I *couldn't*. [*She goes on, but stops at top to call over the railing.*] Fräulein!!! [*Laughing.*] Oh, you are a *tattle tale*!! —

[*She follows after MRS. JARS.*

[*The following conversation is interrupted several times by the MEN bringing in trunks. The TWO WOMEN always break off the conversation, even in the middle of a word, when the MEN*

*enter, and continue exactly where they left off
when the MEN exit.*

MRS. WRIGHTON. Why?

[Interrupted.

FRAÜLEIN. *[Interrupting.]* Exguse me! There vas so leettle time. I hafe gave my sacred vord I vill not tell her, ant I vas afraid it means I vill tell nobody, but I must tell yust you, for I may haf wrong done, and I cannot haf dat responsiblity by mineself.

MRS. WRIGHTON. Of what?

FRAÜLEIN. The white rose vas gif her, as one efery day, by a young Hungarian gentleman who hafe followed Mees Geraldine here from Budapesth.

MRS. WRIGHTON. *[Smiling.]* Well, I think he showed very good taste!

FRAÜLEIN. But I tink already she is in loaf with him!

MRS. WRIGHTON. Oh! *Already!* Still, you say he is a gentleman?

FRÄULEIN. He behafe so, — only — he has no money — not at all!

MRS. WRIGHTON. That's not *unusual* with foreigners — I suppose he has a *title*?

FRÄULEIN. *Dat* is vat I have swore I vill not tell.

MRS. WRIGHTON. But —

FRÄULEIN. I recognize him, pecause I hafe saw him in London, to der ambassador's, his unglevere I vas de governess unt he vas der secretary. But he call himself Mr. Carlman. Now, nobody must know vas iss his true name.

MRS. WRIGHTON. That doesn't sound quite right.

FRÄULEIN. To me neither, aber he haf for himself reasons. He is a *Kinsey* — a *Count Kinsey*.

MRS. WRIGHTON. The name sounds familiar.

FRÄULEIN. Mees Geraldine do not know. But I hafe feel I must tell you, pecause you are a voman of der vorld unt can look out for her besser as I can! If he is not a goot man — I hafe heard me some tings . . .

MRS. WRIGHTON. Wait a minute — Kinsey — of course — it was all in the *Herald* last week — a Count Kinsey who had some disgraceful scandal in London, and had sailed for New York under an assumed name. This looks very serious. You think she is really interested in him?

FRÄULEIN. Oh, yes!

MRS. WRIGHTON. We must make inquiries at once about it.

FRÄULEIN. He vas in de Austrio-Hungary embassy in London some five — six years ago. You might find out someting through London.

Ach, Himmel, I feel so relieved I have tell it all !

MRS. WRIGHTON. Don't you worry! Maybe the man has only sown a few wild oats — and meanwhile — anyway, to be on the safe side we'll distract Geraldine, and I'll meet Mr. —

FRÄULEIN. Carlman.

MRS. WRIGHTON. But he owned up to you he *was Count Kinsey*?

FRÄULEIN. He had to! I *recognize* him, and then he made me promise I would not tell —

MRS. WRIGHTON. And he hasn't a penny —

FRÄULEIN. Nutting, but —

[Interrupted.]

[As GERALDINE appears on the landing above.]

MRS. WRIGHTON. Sh!

[Seeing GERALDINE.]

GERALDINE. *[Who is laughing, with one hand*

behind her back.] My dear friends, I don't want to be unfeeling, but I went in for one second to Uncle Ray's bedroom, *kept sacred for my eyes* — and what do you think was the first thing I saw on *his dressing-table*?

MRS. WRIGHTON. What?

GERALDINE. One pink satin lady's slipper!

[Showing it.

MRS. WRIGHTON. My dear, I hope you were discreet!

GERALDINE. I was! I looked no farther! *[She comes down a few steps, then stops and eyes them suspiciously.]* You two've been talking about me!

MRS. WRIGHTON. We couldn't have a better topic!

[The DRIVERS enter with the last luggage. The floor of the hall is literally covered, the small

luggage being on top of the big. MRS. WRIGHTON and FRÄULEIN have been driven to the tops of two large "Saratogas."

GERALDINE. But surely you're going to take it upstairs? You aren't going to leave it here?

DRIVER. We've done all we can. We got other luggage to deliver.

GERALDINE. But —

[Interrupted.]

MRS. WRIGHTON. *[Interrupting.]* Never mind. Jars will find some men to move them.

GERALDINE. Very well. Will you pass that on, please? *[She laughs, giving some money to MRS. WRIGHTON, who passes it on to FRÄULEIN, who gives it to the MEN. This is because the trunks make it impossible to move about. When the money reaches the MEN.]* Thank you!

DRIVER. Thank you, miss.

[*They go out Left.*]

GERALDINE. [*Sitting on the stairs, halfway down.*]
Fräulein told you about my mysterious friend of
the white roses?

MRS. WRIGHTON. Yes, and I want very much to
meet him.

GERALDINE. Ah! That is good of you. He's
really charming. But he's like Lohengrin, — he
won't tell who he really is.

MRS. WRIGHTON. But a *swan* didn't draw his
boat over!

GERALDINE. No, thank goodness! *Twin screws*,
even, were too slow for me!

[*The front door-bell rings.*]

GERALDINE. Perhaps that's he!

MRS. WRIGHTON. You *didn't* ask him to call
to-day?

GERALDINE. [*She hesitates a little in this speech.*]
No, I didn't *ask* him, but I gave him my address,
and told him to come any time he *liked* and let
me know where he would be. I thought that as I
was an American, it was only being decently hos-
pitable to a foreigner in my home.

MRS. WRIGHTON. That's a little *thin*, my dear,
considering how long you've been in this country.

[MRS. JARS *comes in* Left to answer the bell, but
there is no passage for her except over the
luggage.

MRS. JARS. The land sakes!

MRS. WRIGHTON. You'll have to *climb*, Mrs.
Jars!

MRS. JARS. This is worse than the streets
getting ready for the underground railroad.

[*Climbing over the trunks.*

MRS. WRIGHTON. Tell Jars, when you go back,

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to send over to Third Avenue for some men to move them!

FRAULEIN. I tink when you vill excuse me I vill go now up to my room.

[She climbs toward the staircase. She and

MRS. JARS help each other, holding hands while they cross.

[The bell rings again.

GERALDINE. *[Rising, with a little suppressed excitement.]* Mrs. Jars, if it should be a foreign gentleman who can't speak English, tell him we're at home.

MRS. WRIGHTON. We couldn't escape very well, even if we wanted to. And I can't go till my husband comes for me. He promised to, and I've never disappointed him in my life.

[MRS. JARS opens the door. VI and LORD TILBURY are outside.

VI. Is Miss Lang at home?

GERALDINE. Oh, Miss Tompson, do come in,
and Lord Tilbury, I'm delighted!

*[She runs down the steps, but is herself stopped
there by the trunks. VI and TILBURY come
into the hall, saying gayly, "How do you do!"
but they, too, are stopped by the trunks.]*

GERALDINE. I'm so sorry. Isn't it awful; the
men wouldn't carry them up!

MRS. JARS. *[In the front doorway.]* Excuse me,
miss, I will go out and come in by the basement
door. Would you care for tea, miss?

GERALDINE. Oh, yes, please!

MRS. JARS. Yes, miss.

[She goes out the front door.]

VI. Come along, Lord Tilbury, who's afraid?

*[She takes his hand and jumps up on one trunk,
and then pulls him up after her.]*

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TILBURY. Thanks awfully!

VI. Talk about Switzerland!

GERALDINE. Aunt Janet, I want to present Miss
Tompson, one of my steamer friends.

MRS. WRIGHTON. [*Pleasantly.*] Delighted.

GERALDINE. My aunt, Mrs. Wrighton.

VI. How do you do.

GERALDINE. And Lord Tilbury—Mrs. Wrighton.

MRS. WRIGHTON. Charmed!

TILBURY. [*In bowing, the trunk he is on tips, and losing his balance, he almost falls.*] I beg your pardon!

GERALDINE. Do sit down and be safe. You'll find hat boxes and things.

[*Sitting herself again.*

[*They all sit in a group.*

MRS. WRIGHTON. How do you like America, Lord Tilbury?

TILBURY. Oh, I think it's rippin'!

VI. He doesn't know anything about it, but I'm going to show him. I made him come up here in a cable car, and he's never been out of a cab before in his life!

GERALDINE. How did you like the cable car, Lord Tilbury?

TILBURY. Oh, I thought it was rippin'!

VI. And he's got to go back in the *elevated*! — I came to tell you where we're stopping. I couldn't find you anywhere this morning. Did you have a bad time at the customs? Oh, my dear, we had it *perfectly* awful!! *Perfectly awful!!!* They wanted to arrest mamma for a dressmaker — said no private woman would be bringing in so many dresses, and that they must be models! I don't know what people think society in Butte City is like! They'd better come out and see.

GERALDINE. But *what* did you do?

VI. Well, the first thing we did was for popper to make everything worse, by shouting out, "Where in — did all these dresses come from, anyway! I never saw any of them before!"

[MRS. WRIGHTON *and* GERALDINE *exchange an amused glance.*

MRS. WRIGHTON. Just like a man!

GERALDINE. I hope your mother came out all right?

VI. Oh, yes, popper fixed it up somehow, but mamma naturally had hysterics, which was most fortunate in the end, because that's why we're here at all.

[MRS. JARS *brings in the tea-tray from Right.*

GERALDINE. Really!

MRS. WRIGHTON. Here's the tea!

VI. I'll tell you when we get the tea.

[*Poor MRS. JARS, behind a large trunk, with the big silver tray, looks hopeless.*

MRS. JARS. Please, miss, I shall never be able to climb up with this —

[*Interrupted.*

GERALDINE. Of course not! Lord Tilbury, would you please go over and relieve Mrs. Jars?

TILBURY. With pleasure!

[*Going very carefully.*

MRS. WRIGHTON. Do you want any help?

TILBURY. Oh, no, thanks, it's jolly, we're all right now.

[*He takes the tray.*

VI. Don't drop it!

TILBURY. Rather not. [*He comes very slowly. He stops.*] It's very odd—I seem to feel the motion of the boat.

[*All watch with suspense.*

GERALDINE. That's awful!

MRS. WRIGHTON. Lots of people do, you know, afterward.

TILBURY. I wasn't sick a little bit on board, but —

[One foot slips between two trunks and down he falls, and over go the tea-tray, cups, etc.

Every one cries out.

GERALDINE. *[Rising.]* I hope you're not hurt!

TILBURY. *[Climbing up.]* Not at all, thank you, but I say I *am* sorry for being such a duffer! The tea's quite gone.

VI. I didn't want any, I've just had some.

MRS. JARS. I can soon make some more, miss.

GERALDINE. Do. *[TILBURY is leaning over, picking up the débris.]* Don't bother, Lord Tilbury,

please; Mrs. Jars can do without them—can't you?

MRS. JARS. Oh, yes, miss.

[*She goes out Right.*]

VI. [*Yawning violently.*] Everybody please excuse me, but I haven't slept a wink all night, and thereby hangs my tale as to our present address, which I've come to give you.

[*They all struggle with yawns as they watch her, even MRS. JARS, who is leaving them.*]

GERALDINE. Do tell us!

VI. You see, yesterday, our last day out, mamma and popper fought like sixty over where we were to stay here. Popper said we were going to the Fifth Avenue Hotel and mamma said we were going to the Waldorf-Astoria. Popper said he wouldn't stay a *day* in that damn-fool hostelry, and mamma said she wouldn't stay a *minute* in

the Fifth Avenue. I saw myself taking the *through train straight* to Butte City! So I joined in and said I wouldn't be found dead in the Fifth Avenue Hotel — and then we had it hot and heavy! We all held out, too, and mamma wouldn't have popper in her stateroom, so I had to give up my comfortable room by myself to him and go to sleep with her in the upstairs bunk. It just spoiled my night's rest. I've been terribly dull all morning, haven't I, Lord Tilbury?

TILBURY. I beg your pardon?

VI. [*Laughing.*] Oh, isn't he awful! *Just awful!* He never follows you through a whole speech! Gets stuck somewhere in the middle — then expects you to go all over it again! It's like talking to a deaf person. I say, haven't I been too stupid all morning?

TILBURY. By George, no, you've been rippin'!

GERALDINE. There, Vi! There's good for evil for you.

VI. And for a reward I'll let him go home in a cab!

MRS. WRIGHTON. But you haven't told us where you are yet!

VI. Oh, yes. Well, when mamma had hysterics in the Custom House, of course that settled popper, and *we're at the Waldorf-Astoria*, and — what's more — mamma and I have got a plan to stay a month. There'd be no use going before next week, anyway, because *everybody* comes on to the *Waldorf* from *Butte City* for the *Horse Show*.

GERALDINE. I'm delighted you are going to stay. We must see much of each other.

MRS. WRIGHTON. And I hope Geraldine will bring you to see me. And I shall be very glad to have you call, too, Lord Tilbury.

[TILBURY and VI both say, "Thank you."

VI. [To LORD TILBURY.] You might just step out and see if there's a cab anywhere around.

[TILBURY makes his way gingerly toward door Left.

GERALDINE. I'm sorry there is no servant to send, but Jars has gone out.

TILBURY. Oh, I shall manage all right, thank you.

VI. I hope you'll manage better than you did with the tea! Don't *spill the cab*, especially if you're in it! [*He laughs, embarrassed, and goes out Left.*] Isn't he sweet! Oh, I think he's just *too sweet* for anything! My!

GERALDINE. [*Smiling.*] You've quite cut me out!

VI. Not at all. [*To MRS. WRIGHTON.*] I saw her the last two evenings with another foreigner.

MRS. WRIGHTON. Really!

[*With a quizzing glance at GERALDINE.*]

VI. [*To GERALDINE.*] What is he? I suppose a *duke*, as you gave up a *lord* for him!

GERALDINE. Not at all, he's a plain "Mister."

VI. Aren't you *funny*!

GERALDINE. And what about the Doctor, please? [*To MRS. WRIGHTON.*] She was *mad* about the Doctor.

VI. He's coming to luncheon to-morrow! I'm just dying to see him in his store clothes, without brass buttons, — I'm *just dying*!

MRS. WRIGHTON. [*To VI.*] You must be prepared for a slight disappointment.

VI. [*Laughing.*] Oh, well, I've still got Lord Tilbury!!

[*Bell rings.*]

GERALDINE. That's he, I'll let him in. [*Makes her way to door and opens it.*] Come in.

TILBURY. I have the cab.

VI. All right, but *to-morrow* you'll *have* to ride on the *elevated*.

[*She rises.*

GERALDINE. Won't you wait for the tea?

VI. No, I must go, I only came to tell you our address. Good-by. [*To MRS. WRIGHTON.*] I should *love* to come and see you.

MRS. WRIGHTON. It will give me much pleasure.

VI. [*To GERALDINE, kissing her.*] Only a "*Mister!*" I don't believe you!

[*She goes out.*

[*TILBURY has bowed good-by to MRS. WRIGHTON and goes to GERALDINE as VI leaves.*

GERALDINE. How's Rosy?

TILBURY. I say! have you noticed how very *remarkably* like Rosy Miss Tompson is?!

GERALDINE. [*Laughs.*] O dear me! But you know I don't remember Miss Boggs!

TILBURY. It's a pity, she's rippin'!

VI. [*Calls from outside.*] Come along!

GERALDINE. Good-by! You're going to have a very good time here! You'll find New York *full* of Rosys! Come and see me!

TILBURY. With pleasure!

[*He bows and goes out.*]

MRS. WRIGHTON. My dear, what an amusing young couple!

GERALDINE. And I believe I've made a match!

MRS. WRIGHTON. You know, my child, you're rather young to be making matches; there's a responsibility about it better suited to us older women!—even for yourself. Remember, you said I might be your second mother.

GERALDINE. You're worrying about Mr. Carl-

man, and before you've met him. Wait! You won't be able to resist him.

MRS. WRIGHTON. Mercy on us, I *hope* I *will* be! I'm a most happy married woman!

GERALDINE. [*Laughing.*] You know what I mean!

MRS. WRIGHTON. I know one thing you mean, and that is, young lady, to have your own way in this world when once you've made up your mind it's the right way! Do I read you wrong?

GERALDINE. No. Bravo! I was considered the stubbornest little girl in the whole English colony at Stuttgart.

MRS. WRIGHTON. But you are open to persuasion if your way should be wrong?

GERALDINE. Yes, if it were *proved* to be wrong!

[*The front door-bell rings twice.*]

GERALDINE. Perhaps that's he!

MRS. WRIGHTON. I know it is; he always rings twice!

GERALDINE. Who?

MRS. WRIGHTON. My husband.

GERALDINE. Oh, I meant —

MRS. WRIGHTON. [*Interrupting.*] I know *you* did; but *I didn't*.

[*Smiling.*

[MRS. JARS *enters Right.*

MRS. JARS. [*In distress.*] Here's the tea, miss, but I don't see how I can, and Jars isn't back yet.

[*She places the tray on a trunk.*

MRS. WRIGHTON. That's all right, Mrs. Jars. [*To GERALDINE.*] Let me open it, I know it's Dick.

MRS. JARS. Thank you, ma'am.

[*She goes out Right.*

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MRS. WRIGHTON. [*As she climbs.*] I'm glad your Hungarian hasn't come yet. This is when I am not so sure of my grace and agility as I am of my age! Dick will get some men to come in if Jars can't find any. [*Opens door.*] Come in, darling!

[*WRIGHTON enters from left. He is a good-looking man of fifty; a man of the world and of business, with nothing unusual about him.*]

WRIGHTON. Halloo! Here all right, are you?

MRS. WRIGHTON. [*To GERALDINE.*] Excuse me! [*Kisses him.*] I haven't seen him since this morning when he went down to meet you!

GERALDINE. I don't know what we would have done without him. Do sit down.

[*Laughing.*]

MRS. WRIGHTON. The express men wouldn't carry up the luggage!

WRIGHTON. I'll go get some men.

MRS. WRIGHTON. Not yet. Jars is out looking.

GERALDINE. [*Moving over gingerly to the tea things.*] Have some tea?

WRIGHTON. Not for me, thank you.

MRS. WRIGHTON. I will! I find that the air up here on Cathedral Heights has made me hungry.

WRIGHTON. I'm sorry to say I've come to bother Fräulein Handt.

GERALDINE. Oh, I'll call her. [*She gives MRS. WRIGHTON her tea and goes upstairs. She stops on the landing.*] These lovely roses, I *know* YOU sent them!

[*To MRS. WRIGHTON.*

MRS. WRIGHTON. If I'd known better, I'd have sent *white* ones!

GERALDINE. [*Smiling, happy.*] Oh!—Sh!!—

[*She goes up the stairs and out Right.*]

MRS. WRIGHTON. Isn't she a perfect dear!

WRIGHTON. She is a charming girl! And now, for Heaven's sake, Janet, don't move heaven and earth to marry her off for a year or two yet!

MRS. WRIGHTON. You don't know her; she's begun to move both those places herself! I'll explain later when there's plenty of time. But tell me, am I right in thinking the name Count Kinsey familiar to me?

WRIGHTON. I'm sure I don't know.

MRS. WRIGHTON. In the *Herald* last week?

WRIGHTON. [*A second's pause.*] Oh, yes, I remember now. They were talking about it in the club,—he's come over here incog. Kinsey

Wrighton

was the fellow who broke Hayward's sister's heart. Don't you remember the scandal several years ago in London? He was secretary to the Austrian Embassy. The girl killed herself, and he was dismissed from the service.

MRS. WRIGHTON. It's the same man! It *must* be the same!

WRIGHTON. Who?

MRS. WRIGHTON. A *Hungarian* who was on the boat under an *assumed name*, but whom Fräulein recognized as *Count Kinsey*, and in whom Geraldine is already very interested!

WRIGHTON. Oh, there's more than *one* Kinsey in Hungary.

MRS. WRIGHTON. But the assumed name?

WRIGHTON. [*More thoughtfully.*] Yes, — bad.

MRS. WRIGHTON. And this one was *secretary* in the Austro-Hungarian Embassy. Fräulein

was governess there; that's where she knew him!

WRIGHTON. Oh! then it's serious, and we'd better look into it.

MRS. WRIGHTON. But the girl's very stubborn, and is on the defensive. We must be — careful. She expects him here to-day. [*GERALDINE and FRÄULEIN appear on landing and come downstairs.* MRS. WRIGHTON *finishes very sotto voce.*] I'm going to stay on till he arrives, and be as charming as possible, to disarm him, and her.

GERALDINE. [*Coming down the stairs.*] You are talking about me or making love!

MRS. WRIGHTON. When I talk to my husband about anybody or anything, I always make love to him, I can't help it.

[*With an affectionate look at him.*]

WRIGHTON. *Fräulein*, — your dog!

FRÄULEIN. [*Horried.*] Mein Gott!! I forgot her! My leettle Wilhelm!

GERALDINE. Her "*little Wilhelm*" is a fat old Dachshund named after the Emperor, whom Fräulein adores.

WRIGHTON. You'll have to go back with me; the custom officers wouldn't let me take him.

FRÄULEIN. Oh, my poor little Villie! I was ready!

MRS. WRIGHTON. I'll join you at home, dear, — I may leave here soon, and maybe not for some time.

WRIGHTON. Very well!

MRS. WRIGHTON. [*To the others.*] You'll excuse me! [*Kisses him.*] You see I mayn't be home for hours yet!

WRIGHTON. You wouldn't think we'd been married sixteen years, would you?

GERALDINE. Yes, I would! That's what I call being married!

WRIGHTON. [*Opens front door and half bows.*]
Fräulein!

[FRÄULEIN passes out, and WRIGHTON is about to follow, but stops, saying to KINSEY outside, "Excuse me!" He then turns inside and speaks to GERALDINE.]

A gentleman, Miss Lang. [*To KINSEY, who has spoken.*] I beg your pardon!

[GERALDINE has risen excitedly and holds MRS. WRIGHTON'S hand.]

GERALDINE. It's he — Oh, I *want* you to like him.

WRIGHTON. [*Turning to GERALDINE.*] Mr. Carlman.

GERALDINE. Please ask him to come in.

WRIGHTON. Won't you come in?

[As KINSEY enters Left, WRIGHTON goes out Left and closes the door behind him.]

GERALDINE. So glad to see you, and I want to present you to Mrs. Wrighton — Herr Carlman.

MRS. WRIGHTON. Herr Carlman.

[Bowing very pleasantly.]

KINSEY. [Embarrassed, bows stiffly.] Enchanté de faire votre connaissance, madame.

MRS. WRIGHTON. [Bows charmingly, then to GERALDINE.] Horrors! doesn't he speak English?

KINSEY. [Laughs.] I beg your pardon. I vas one minute — [He hesitates.] — I tink ze word — embrassed! — ? —

MRS. WRIGHTON. I speak French so shockingly!

GERALDINE. Can you climb?

KINSEY. Oh, yess!

[He jumps up on the trunks.]

GERALDINE. Have you settled your rooms?

KINSEY. Yess, it iss not much — [*He hesitates, hunting for the word.*] — fashionable — but it is among with my countrymen in ze University place!

MRS. WRIGHTON. And how do you like America?

KINSEY. [*Laughing.*] I do not know now yet!

MRS. WRIGHTON. [*Laughing.*] There's an honest answer!

KINSEY. But I do like, oh! very much, ze Americans!

MRS. WRIGHTON. You have known many?

KINSEY. Oh, yess! in London, in Paris, in Vienna, ant also in Budapesth.

GERALDINE. Will you have some tea?

KINSEY. No, I tank you.

MRS. WRIGHTON. And I'm afraid I must go.

GERALDINE. No! Don't!

KINSEY. I hope I 'afe not frighten you off away!

MRS. WRIGHTON. Oh, no! It takes more than

one charming foreigner to frighten an AMERICAN woman!

KINSEY. [*Bows.*] Madame! You are so quick ant so clever, also I am so stupid I cannot back reply make, I can only *very much* — I tink ze word — ADMIRE!

MRS. WRIGHTON. Thank you, a charming word! Will you lunch with me to-morrow, Sunday, at two? And, Geraldine, you'll come, it's *for* you. I'm having the lunch on a *Sunday* so as to have plenty of *real men*!

GERALDINE. Of course I will come.

MRS. WRIGHTON. And you Count — Mr. Carlman?

[KINSEY *has started violently.*

GERALDINE. [*Curiously.*] Count?

MRS. WRIGHTON. [*Laughing nervously.*] Oh — I always call all foreigners Count, a silly habit, but

there are so many of you all, you know! You'll come to lunch, won't you, Mr. Carlman?

KINSEY. [*Relieved.*] I vill be most delight.

MRS. WRIGHTON. Good-by.

[*To GERALDINE.*

[*KINSEY goes to door to open for her.*

MRS. WRIGHTON. [*Aside to GERALDINE.*] He's perfectly charming. I'm going to give him one of your red roses for his button-hole.

GERALDINE. [*Laughing.*] You FLIRT!!—

MRS. WRIGHTON. Good-by. [*Takes a red rose and goes to doorway.*] You must let me welcome you to America with a native rose!—for your button-hole.

[*Putting it in his coat.*

GERALDINE. I prefer white!

KINSEY. Madame, I tank you for ze rose ant ze welcome; bese I vill keep by me always.

MRS. WRIGHTON. [*Who wants KINSEY to leave at the same time.*] Can I drop you anywhere?

KINSEY. [*Astonished, not understanding.*] DROP me?!!

GERALDINE. [*Laughing.*] She means her brougham is at the door, and she will leave you where you want to go.

KINSEY. Oh! I tank you, but I have one few words to speak wiz Meess Lang, if she vill allow me!

MRS. WRIGHTON. Sorry! Good-by.

[*At door.*

GERALDINE. Good-by. [MRS. WRIGHTON goes. KINSEY bows very low and shuts the door. To KINSEY.] Isn't she a darling woman!

KINSEY. She iss, and hafe decided me! I make me one American citizen just so soon as ze President permit. I nefer go back.

GERALDINE. Hurrah!

KINSEY. I hafe by me one very good idea! I already talk it over wiz a gentleman in ze boat. I vill me get up a company ant put mine vines—Hungarian vines—on ze market in New York. Zey are not sufficient known here, it vill be great successful wit *much* money.

GERALDINE. And much money is *very* convenient! —

KINSEY. Oh, very. It means—entire—everything to me.

GERALDINE. No, don't say that.

KINSEY. I do not mean it bad! [*He sighs.*] I 'afe come to say how you do an' good-by.

GERALDINE. You are going to leave New York?

KINSEY. No! I stay me in ze New York. It iss here I must form ze company, to whom I vill

— how zey say it? — farm out all ze vineyards of mine home. I take me so many shares, zey take zem so many. Oh, it iss a *very* good plan, because now all ze grape all go to ze bad, an' ze vine, ve do not know vat to do viz it! There iss so much grape at my home!

GERALDINE. Well, it seems to me everything is very flourishing, and I'm ever so glad!

KINSEY. Yess! — but — only — [*Plaintively.*]
I must stay me away from here.

GERALDINE. Why? I don't see why?

KINSEY. No? And I cannot *try* to make explanation.

GERALDINE. Why not?

KINSEY. I cannot. Oh! [*Angry.*] ze word! — 'afe — *confidence?* — in myself.

GERALDINE. But you didn't talk to me like this on the boat!

KINSEY. I know it — I did not altogezer know zen how much — vhat —

[*He hesitates.*]

GERALDINE. *What?*

KINSEY. If you look so at me like zat much longer, I break me my svear.

GERALDINE. [*Smiling.*] What swear?

KINSEY. I cannot help myself, I vill break him!

GERALDINE. Yes, DO! *Break him!*

KINSEY. I am sure I am —

[*He hesitates.*]

GERALDINE. [*Smiling.*] You think the word!

KINSEY. [*Smiling.*] Yes, tank you, — a *black-guard!*

GERALDINE. Oh, *think again!* I could do much better than that!

KINSEY. How do you say *ein blackguard?*

GERALDINE. That's right — blackguard, only it's *wrong!*

KINSEY. I vill myself explain. [*Speaks with great hesitation and difficulty.*] I 'afe swore zat I would not — zat I would not do someting because it vas not right I do it. It iss very wrong, because I cannot say it all, I cannot say enough.

GERALDINE. [*Smiling.*] Maybe *you* call this an *explanation*, but I assure you *I* don't understand a word!

KINSEY. I mean to say I vould not be honourable under ze — [*He thinks.*] — circumzstances, to say it all! I can only say so much *I loaf you!*

[*She is startled, surprised at the sudden avowal.*

She looks up at him a moment in silence, then her eyes drop.

GERALDINE. [*Very softly, tenderly, and yet with a half smile.*] Isn't that saying a *good deal*?

KINSEY. [*With real contrition.*] I 'afe broke me mine oath.

GERALDINE. [*Looking up at him seriously and sweetly.*] But if you really DO love me? . . .

KINSEY. [*Rising.*] Wiz all mine heart, wiz all mine life!

GERALDINE. Then why not tell me — when I am *glad* to hear it?

KINSEY. You *was* glad?!

GERALDINE. *Very* glad.

KINSEY. [*Quickly taking her hand.*] You — you care for me now already, a leettle?!

GERALDINE. [*Rises.*] I care for you now already — *very much*.

[*A second's pause.*]

[KINSEY seizes her hand and kisses it.

In America that is not the custom! [*He looks in her eyes, and slowly draws her to*

him, takes her, willing, in his arms, and kisses her. She withdraws from his arms.] And now, why didn't you want to tell me you loved me, — I wore your roses every day, I gave you every minute of my time you asked for, and though I tried to lie with my eyes, I know the truth would out in them sometimes. I felt it burn and shut my lids.

KINSEY. [*With dignity, slowly but with desperation.*] I cannot ask you to be mine wife.

GERALDINE. [*Startled, drawing slightly away, in a faint voice.*] What?! . . .

KINSEY. Not for so long time, I do not know when. — Perhaps never!

GERALDINE. What do you mean?

KINSEY. And yet also you are all ze world to me; it iss not only ze words when I say I would glad lie down mine life for you! I loaf you —

GERALDINE. But if you love me — why? Why can't you —

[*She hesitates.*

KINSEY. [*Searches for words to express himself.*]
It would not be,—how do one say it? — not manly off me, — not — honour.

GERALDINE. Not honour?

KINSEY. I iss not free.

GERALDINE. Not free!

KINSEY. I speak ze English so badly, — I am — bind — bound by — vhat you call? — ze laws of honour —

[*Interrupted.*

GERALDINE. NOT to ask me to be your *wife*?

KINSEY. Yess, I *cannot*! Eferybody vill DESPISE me ven I did! —

GERALDINE. [*Quickly.*] Then how dared you tell me you loved me! How dared you allow me

to say — I — [*Louder.*] Oh, how dared you! how dared you!

KINSEY. I mean not to, I swore myself not to, — but I could not help it, I could not hold ze loaf back!

GERALDINE. [*Angry.*] I will *never* forgive you! I will *never* FORGIVE you!!

KINSEY. You tink me right now, when I have chose ze word *blackguard*?

GERALDINE. Yes! Good-by. There is your rose! [*Throwing it down.*] Dead! like everything else between you and me, Herr Carlman.

KINSEY. When I vas free I vill come back wiz a fresh rose an' *ask* you to be *mine* WIFE.

GERALDINE. I will never forgive you!

KINSEY. Yes, pecause you loaf me, and I loaf you, and when I come honourable back, so your heart hafe remain true.

GERALDINE. I haven't any heart any longer.

[JARS *enters Left.*

JARS. Beg pardon, miss, the men are here to carry up the trunks.

GERALDINE. In a moment, Jars; the door, please. This gentleman is going.

[JARS *opens the front door.*

[KINSEY *looks at her reproachfully. A pause.*

GERALDINE. Good-by, Herr Carlman.

KINSEY. I vill me come back one day.

[*He bows and goes out.*

[JARS *shuts the door.*

GERALDINE. I am not at home if that gentleman calls again.

JARS. Yes, miss.

[*He goes out Right.*

[GERALDINE *has started slowly upstairs; she stops to watch JARS, and when he has gone she*

runs downstairs and picks up the white rose she threw away, glancing about to see that no one sees her.

GERALDINE. And to-day, too! To-day of all days, when I was so happy, and now—it's all gone! Everything!! EVERYTHING! Oh, why did I come back home!

[She throws herself down on the stairs and sobs as

THE CURTAIN FALLS

ACT III

A fortnight later, at the Wrightons'. A drawing-room panelled in rose du Barry brocade ; only eighteenth-century engravings are on the wall, and the furniture is a suite, covered with Gobelin tapestry ; there are some small marqueterie tables here and there. There is an opening at the back into a farther room, through which entrances and exits are made. There is also a double door Left, which leads to the hall. At Right is the fireplace, with sofa and chairs by it. MRS. WRIGHTON is arranging a table for bridge whist at Left centre.

SERVANT. [*From Left, announces.*] Miss Lang.

[*Geraldine enters. She wears a white rose.*

MRS. WRIGHTON. [*Greeting her affectionately.*]
My dear child, I'm delighted. But you're awfully early, the class isn't for half an hour!

GERALDINE. [*Who is very serious.*] I've come to see you about something else.

MRS. WRIGHTON. [*Seeing the white rose, is not pleased.*] He has turned up again? Geraldine!

[*Remonstrating, and yet with sympathy and understanding.*]

GERALDINE. [*Firmly, coming at once to the point.*] I want his address.

MRS. WRIGHTON. I don't know it.

GERALDINE. The letter of regrets he wrote you for Sunday's lunch had no address?

MRS. WRIGHTON. No, a most charming note in French, saying he regretted not being able to come, but found he must deny himself, for the

present, *all* society in America. Suspicious, my dear. Believe a wise old woman that you've had a narrow escape.

GERALDINE. I can't! I tell you I wasn't fair to him that afternoon; I ought to have kept still and let him explain more what he really meant. His English is bad, and he doesn't understand clearly. He may not have really meant what he said.

MRS. WRIGHTON. He said, I think you told me, he was "not free to ask you to be his wife"?

GERALDINE. [*Unwillingly.*] Yes. . . .

MRS. WRIGHTON. That he was honourably bound not to —

GERALDINE. Yes — but it may be some exaggerated notion of honour, — you know what foreigners are like, — or the words "not free" and "bound" he may have translated wrongly. I want to have

you see him, and give him a chance to explain.
Would you do this for me, dear Aunt Janet?

MRS. WRIGHTON. What you ask is what I've been trying to do for the last day and a half, but neither Dick nor I can find the man!

GERALDINE. How *good* of you!

MRS. WRIGHTON. Not that I've much hope, dear. I might as well warn you.

GERALDINE. You know something about him which I don't, and which you haven't told me! I've seen it in your face.

MRS. WRIGHTON. I do — and I don't.

GERALDINE. What?

MRS. WRIGHTON. I can't tell, it isn't my secret. We're going to try and make him tell us himself.

[WRIGHTON *comes in quickly from Left with a certain glad excitement.*

WRIGHTON. [*To MRS. WRIGHTON.*] My dear girl, I've found him.

MRS. WRIGHTON. [*Going to her husband.*] Geraldine, you'll excuse me! It's for your sake, it's for what he's done for you.

[*She kisses him.*]

GERALDINE. [*Smiling.*] You *fraud!*

MRS. WRIGHTON. [*To GERALDINE.*] No! [*To WRIGHTON.*] It's Mr. Carlman you mean, isn't it?

GERALDINE. Mr. Carlman!

WRIGHTON. Yes!

GERALDINE. [*To MRS. WRIGHTON.*] *I'd* like to kiss him, too!

MRS. WRIGHTON. [*Smilingly hesitates.*] Well, you may *this once*, but don't let it grow on you!

GERALDINE. Thank you!

[*Shaking hands with WRIGHTON, who kisses*

her humorously, with great dignity, on the cheek.

MRS. WRIGHTON. Yes — always like that!!

GERALDINE. [*To* WRIGHTON.] And having found him, we'll give him a chance to right himself, won't we? A fair chance!

WRIGHTON. If you want my honest opinion, I think he's a perfectly charming, unconscionable scamp; but we'll find out. [*To* MRS. WRIGHTON.] He's coming to see you this afternoon.

GERALDINE. [*To* MRS. WRIGHTON.] *Your* chance!

WRIGHTON. He's furious with me! Sit down a moment. [*GERALDINE sits, as does* WRIGHTON.] He actually came to my office.

MRS. WRIGHTON. He knew you were my husband?

[*Sitting.*

WRIGHTON. Not at all! He brought me a letter from Mathewson, about a wine company. He's forming a syndicate to put Hungarian wines on the market.

GERALDINE. He told me about it.

WRIGHTON. He's been clever; he's found exactly the right men to interest in the scheme, — and he *has* interested them. It seems they only need *me* now to complete the company!

MRS. WRIGHTON. Why especially *you*?

WRIGHTON. [*To GERALDINE.*] *My* business is the importation of French wines. [*To MRS. WRIGHTON.*] If I am in the new company, they have the biggest French wine company as a *friendly rival* instead of an enemy.

GERALDINE. But why is he *angry* with you?

WRIGHTON. Well, in the first place, I told

him at once that I knew of him through my wife.

MRS. WRIGHTON. And embarrassed him a little.

WRIGHTON. And then I went it rather strong, perhaps, and said I had every reason to believe he wasn't what he appeared to be, and that I should *warn* my friends who were thinking of joining the company.

GERALDINE. Oh, Mr. Wrighton!

WRIGHTON. My dear girl — [*Rises.*]—he hasn't a penny. He is to own a certain number of shares in the company, and we are to work the vines over there in Hungary and own the rest of the shares. But where is the proof of these vines? His word! to be backed up by the proper papers, et cetera, he has sent for.

MRS. WRIGHTON. You do nothing with the

company till these papers arrive, so I don't see —

[*Interrupted.*]

WRIGHTON. [*Interrupting.*] Suppose they never arrive?

MRS. WRIGHTON. He's discovered and no harm done.

WRIGHTON. There can be all sorts of delays, and he may have confederates writing from Hungary. How do we know? And meanwhile, what? He is getting an *entré* into our homes! Doing the same here, perhaps, as he did in London.

GERALDINE. [*Quickly.*] *What* did he do in London?

MRS. WRIGHTON. [*Quickly.*] Nothing, dear, that we're sure of.

GERALDINE. But tell me; you *must*! —

[*Interrupted.*]

MRS. WRIGHTON. No! it is not *our* secret yet; when it is, you shall know the truth for good or ill.

WRIGHTON. He looks rather raggy, in spite of his smart clothes. His cuffs showed it. Of course he was after Geraldine's money — and if Geraldine's is impossible, then the next girl's —

GERALDINE. No, you don't *know* that!

WRIGHTON. If he is honest, why isn't his consul backing him up?

MRS. WRIGHTON. That's so!

[*Looking at* GERALDINE.]

WRIGHTON. I asked him about his consul.

GERALDINE. Yes?

WRIGHTON. He said he didn't know him, and that the consul wouldn't know his name. And yet, you know, the man has such a winning way with him, if I didn't really *know* all I did, why, by

George, I should have been weaker than I was.

GERALDINE. I wish you had been! I see nothing in all you've said that may not be perfectly honest and above board, and I was always told that a man in *this country* was *innocent* till *proved* guilty.

MRS. WRIGHTON. Dear me, if that isn't like a girl! It will be our fault next that she drove him away from her house.

WRIGHTON. Well, next I played a strong card, in hopes it would make him show his hand. I told him frankly I thought him a charlatan!

GERALDINE. Oh, how *could* you?

WRIGHTON. I told him I knew of his behaviour to Miss Lang, which nothing could excuse.

GERALDINE. Oh, he will think I have told everything! What did he say?

WRIGHTON. Nothing.

GERALDINE. Nothing?

WRIGHTON. That was his *principal* reply to me!

MRS. WRIGHTON. How do you mean?

WRIGHTON. I didn't mince matters. I told him I doubted his vineyards — that I should warn my friends in his company, and would not join it myself. I told him I had reason to believe he was under an assumed name, and I had a suspicion as to who he really was.

GERALDINE. What answer did he make?

WRIGHTON. None!

MRS. WRIGHTON. Dick!!!

WRIGHTON. He drew himself up till it seemed as if he were nine feet and I three, and said I had insulted him, that he didn't come to discuss his private affairs with me, but only a matter of business, and he would bid me good morning.

GERALDINE. And you *let him* go?

WRIGHTON. No!

GERALDINE. Ah!

WRIGHTON. I stopped him — at the door. I said, "If you have the right to resent strongly all I have said, no one will be more glad than I! and my apology shall be abject."

MRS. WRIGHTON. That was nice, Dick.

WRIGHTON. He didn't seem to understand; he was still in too much of a rage, poor fellow! You know I can't help liking him, in spite of his being —

GERALDINE. [*Interrupting him.*] Hush! You don't *know* what he is yet.

WRIGHTON. I said the matter of the company would naturally hold over till the arrival of his papers, and he said within three weeks.

GERALDINE. But how is it he's coming here?

WRIGHTON. Oh, I was weakening a little then, and I said, as to the other matter, would he be so good as to call upon my wife this afternoon?

MRS. WRIGHTON. And he agreed?

WRIGHTON. No, he refused. Then I took your name in vain [*To GERALDINE.*] and said it was, I knew, your desire.

GERALDINE. Yes?!

WRIGHTON. He bowed and said he would be here at five! *That's all!* [*Rising.*] You know now I'm away from him I realize he must be a scamp; but be careful, Janet, when you're with him — there's no doubt he is full of charm!

MRS. WRIGHTON. I know that. [*During this last speech a SERVANT has been arranging a tea-table in the farther room. MRS. WRIGHTON sees him.*] What are you doing, Thornton?

THORNTON. Laying the tea-table, madam.

MRS. WRIGHTON. But why? We don't take tea with our cards.

THORNTON. Excuse me, madam, but it's Thursday.

MRS. WRIGHTON. Oh, of course, so it is; I forgot. [*To WRIGHTON.*] I had the bridge-whist class meet here on my day at home so as not to waste the afternoon!

GERALDINE. But how will you see Herr Carlman?

MRS. WRIGHTON. Oh, I must just get rid of the people somehow. I'll do it.

WRIGHTON. Well, I'm going over to the club. I hope you're satisfied with my day's work.

GERALDINE. I am, and I thank you, only please don't side too quickly against him; let's give him a *big*, fair, open chance.

WRIGHTON. By all means! Good-by.

MRS. WRIGHTON. Wait a minute! [*Going to him.*] Try to be back by six, and we could take a little drive.

[*She leads him out into the hall, out of sight.*

GERALDINE *watches, smiling softly. There is a silence, and then the sound of a kiss.*

GERALDINE. I heard you!

MRS. WRIGHTON. You have ears like Red Riding Hood's grandmother.

[*As she comes back.*

GERALDINE. I don't feel at all like bridge to-day.

MRS. WRIGHTON. Neither do I; but at this rate we'll never learn.

GERALDINE. You'll be sure to *see him*, won't you?

MRS. WRIGHTON. I am as anxious as you, dear.
[*Putting her arm about her.*] I'm no longer fond

of you, Geraldine, for your mother's sake only, but for your own.

GERALDINE. And, as near as any one *could*, you take her place.

MRS. WRIGHTON. Thank you.

GERALDINE. Listen, the more I hear against him, the stronger I believe in him. I can't help it.

MRS. WRIGHTON. [*Smiling.*] That's your natural inborn stubbornness, dear. You had it as a child.

GERALDINE. I don't think it's *stubbornness* this time, I think it's *love*. No woman can *pretend* she *loves* a man, unless she has *faith in him*, and the only one *able* to destroy that *faith* should be the *man* she *loves*.

MRS. WRIGHTON. Oh, be careful, my dear, don't let yourself go! It looks so certain you must suffer terribly if you do.

GERALDINE. It's too late to say that now.

MRS. WRIGHTON. Really?

GERALDINE. Yes.

MRS. WRIGHTON. Oh, then, if only we are wrong!

GERALDINE. What is it you *know* and *suspect*? You *must tell* me; I have a right to ask it.

MRS. WRIGHTON. I've given my promise to protect another, — but we think he is a certain man who broke the heart of one American girl in London six years ago. It is the same name.

GERALDINE. Carlman?

MRS. WRIGHTON. No, his *real* name.

GERALDINE. You *know* it?

MRS. WRIGHTON. Yes.

GERALDINE. And you won't tell me?

MRS. WRIGHTON. I am going to make *him* tell you — this afternoon.

GERALDINE. And you are taking all this trouble for me! — don't think me ungrateful.

MRS. WRIGHTON. We are only trying to protect your happiness in place of your mother and father.

GERALDINE. Look! You shall have my white rose!

[*Gives it to her,*

[*As BUTLER enters Left, and announces MISS TOMPSON. She enters.*

VI. [*As they greet her and she shakes hands.*]
Am I late or early? Nobody else? Oh, I wish I'd known it; I'd have let him come in.

MRS. WRIGHTON. Who?

VI. Why, the Doctor! off the ship! I never had such a disappointment in my life! *Never!*
Well?!! —

MRS. WRIGHTON. How?

VI. My dear!! He came to lunch with us

to-day, and without his uniform! I didn't know him! No, *really!* I thought it was the barber come to shave popper, and I told him popper'd shaved himself and gone out! Wasn't it *awful!* Of course I wanted to *sink* through the *floor!*

MRS. WRIGHTON. Brass buttons *do* make a great difference!

VI. I should say they *did!* Why, he was perfectly *horrid!* I never saw *any one* look so *ordinary!* *Never!!* and he hardly spoke a word. Just sat there in all his hideous commonplaceness and I had to do *all* the talking!

GERALDINE. [*Smiling.*] That must have been very difficult for *you!*

VI. Aren't you mean! I think you might sympathize with me.

[BUTLER announces MRS. MATHEWSON, *who comes in.*

MRS. MATHEWSON. [*There are the usual general greetings.*] I'm not late? No, Mr. Crager isn't here yet to teach. I really think, especially considering this is the second lesson, Mrs. Wrighton, we ought to fine him something for being behind time.

MRS. WRIGHTON. My dear girl, you forget that you were *half an hour* late the first lesson.

MRS. MATHEWSON. Was I? My dear Miss Lang, what a lovely frock! Where did you get it? I suppose you brought it over — and, Miss Tompson, I called on your mother to-day.

VI. I'm sure mamma was tickled to death! I hope she was in.

MRS. MATHEWSON. She was. I knew, because I heard her maid telling the clerk she wanted some writing paper, but she sent down word she was "out," which I considered most thoughtful of her.

You know [*To MRS. WRIGHTON.*] one might as well make calls in Brooklyn as at the Waldorf, it takes about the same length of time.

VI. Probably she was being undulated. I know she was sorry!

MRS. MATHEWSON. [*Absent-mindedly.*] So was I.

[*BUTLER announces MR. CRAGER, who enters.*

He bows to all the ladies, who say, "How do you do," except MRS. WRIGHTON, who rises to greet him and shakes his hand.

CRAGER. You are all in very good time to-day.

MRS. MATHEWSON. Yes, I have to run off in the middle of the lesson. I hope some one will turn up to take my place.

VI. Lord Tilbury's going to drop in; I hope you don't mind?

MRS. WRIGHTON. Delighted!

CRAGER. You might cut for partners now, ladies!

[*They do so.*]

MRS. MATHEWSON. I promised to drive with my husband. He's got a new Hungarian wine company on his mind; and he never will do anything without me, for fear if it fails I'll say, "I told you so." I can tell you I don't allow the twenty years' difference in our ages to be wasted!

MRS. WRIGHTON. Mr. Mathewson has been speaking to my husband about the company.

MRS. MATHEWSON. [*To MRS. WRIGHTON, as she sees how the cards are cut.*] Oh, mercy, must I play with you — I hoped to get Miss Lang; she plays the best of all of us.

GERALDINE. [*Laughingly.*] It isn't saying much, is it!

MRS. MATHEWSON. Did Mr. Mathewson tell

you of the beautiful poor young man from Budapesth who has the grapes, who has come over here evidently to make a rich marriage, and with whom we are all sure to be dead in love !

GERALDINE. Please, Mrs. Mathewson, we must begin.

CRAGER. Yes, please, ladies ! ——

MRS. WRIGHTON. Excuse us, Mr. Crager, whose deal is it ?

MRS. MATHEWSON. I *hate* dealing, don't say it's mine, I'd really rather be excused.

CRAGER. It's Mrs. Wrighton's deal !

MRS. WRIGHTON. How nice, I love dealing !

VI. [*Noticing GERALDINE's silence and abstraction.*] Have you a headache ?

GERALDINE. No, — thank you, — or yes, perhaps I have — something.

VI. I'm awfully sorry !

[BUTLER announces MRS. DREED, who comes in.]

Oh, Mrs. Dreed!

MRS. WRIGHTON. Excuse me.

GERALDINE. Who's Mrs. Dreed?

MRS. MATHEWSON. A horrid woman!

VI. I met her yesterday. She was to have her gown made in Williamsburg.

MRS. WRIGHTON. [*Lays down her cards in the middle of the dealing, and goes to greet MRS. DREED.*] How do you do, I am so glad to see you. Do sit down and excuse me for a moment, won't you? I'm just dealing. Or will you have tea?

MRS. DREED. No, don't let me interrupt.

MRS. MATHEWSON. It's bridge!

MRS. DREED. I should *love* to watch! I lost my last penny yesterday!

[*Going to the table, she greets the others, who also greet her.*

MRS. MATHEWSON. We're only just *learning* it.

MRS. DREED. At this *late* day! Mercy! most women I know are taking lessons now *in forgetting it!*

MRS. WRIGHTON. [*Taking up the half-dealt pack.*] O *dear!* where did I leave off? Does any one know where I left off?

VI.	}	No.
GERALDINE.		
MRS. MATHEWSON.		

MRS. MATHEWSON. Here! [*Throwing her cards down and mixing all the cards up.*] Deal over again. I was having the most awful hand, anyway!

CRAGER. You can't demand a new deal, Mrs. Mathewson, after having looked —

[*Interrupted.*

MRS. MATHEWSON. [*Laughingly.*] Well, I've mixed the cards all up now, we'll have to!!

[MRS. WRIGHTON *begins dealing again.*

MRS. DREED. [*To MRS. WRIGHTON.*] Will you present Miss Lang to me?

MRS. WRIGHTON. [*Stopping her dealing.*] Oh, I thought you knew Geraldine. Dear, this is Mrs. Dreed.

[MRS. WRIGHTON *looks again hopelessly at her half pack and about the table, not knowing where she left off.*

CRAGER. You left off here, Mrs. Wrighton.

[*Pointing to player.*

MRS. MATHEWSON. We should never know how to play, you know, without a teacher.

MRS. DREED. [*To GERALDINE.*] I remember your mother well; and I am coming to Mrs. Wrighton's party at your house week after next.

GERALDINE. Isn't it charming of her to come and give her party there, and she's asking all my mother's old friends. I am looking forward to it; I shall be delighted to see you and Mr. Dreed.

MRS. DREED. Well, I'm not coming with Mr. Dreed,—we're divorced,—but I shall be there just the same.

MRS. WRIGHTON. [*Tries to stop her.*] I haven't room here, and besides it's for you, and it's time that ballroom was used, anyway!

CRAGER. Do you make the trump, Mrs. Wrighton? If so, you must make it, or else say, "Partner, will *you* make it?"

[BUTLER *announces* LORD TILBURY, *who enters.*

MRS. WRIGHTON. [*Not rising.*] How do you do!
[VI and GERALDINE *look up and nod.*] Mrs. Dreed, Lord Tilbury; Mrs. Mathewson, Lord Tilbury.

[*Introducing.*] And now excuse me, we are playing bridge, and are at a *very serious* point.

GERALDINE. Very! the *first play*!

[LORD TILBURY, *who is a little embarrassed, sits down beside* VI. *She gives him a coquettish look. All are examining their cards.*

VI. Whose turn is it?

CRAGER. Do you make the trump, Mrs. Wrighton?

MRS. WRIGHTON. Most certainly I do. I—er—I make it diamonds!—No, I don't!—I make it spades—yes, really, I make it spades.

VI. Oh, *darn* it!

GERALDINE. It's your lead, VI.

MRS. MATHEWSON. *I've got a divine* hand!

MRS. DREED. Sh!—

VI. May I play, partner?

MRS. WRIGHTON. [*Laughing.*] Oh, I do think that's too silly!

GERALDINE. [*Laughing.*] Yes, what would happen if I said she couldn't?

[*They laugh.*]

MRS. WRIGHTON. Try it and see.

GERALDINE. *No!* you *can't* play!

VI. [*To CRAGER, laughing.*] Is that fair?

CRAGER. Certainly not. Your partner, if she doesn't want to double, must say, "Please."

GERALDINE. [*With a great deal of manner.*] *Please!!*

[*TILBURY is looking at VI's hand.*]

GERALDINE. [*Looks at her watch and speaks aside to MRS. WRIGHTON.*] It is getting near *five.*

MRS. WRIGHTON. [*Aside to GERALDINE.*] I'm watching!

VI. [*Plays.*] There!

MRS. MATHEWSON. You've been abroad, Miss
Tompson?

VI. Yes, for over a year. We've been *every-
where*,—all over the place, and seen *every-
thing!*

CRAGER. It's your play, Mrs. Mathewson.

MRS. MATHEWSON. Oh, I beg every one's
pardon. What lead?

GERALDINE. [*Showing.*] There.

MRS. MATHEWSON. O dear!—Mrs. Dreed, do
give me a hint. [*MRS. DREED goes behind her and
plays a card for her.*] You're just the person I want
to see, Miss Tompson, because there's one thing
I haven't seen, and I'm thinking of going over this
spring if it's worth while.

[GERALDINE *plays.*

GERALDINE. [*Looking at CRAGER.*] Right?

CRAGER. Yes.

MRS. WRIGHTON. Now shall I play that or *that*,
Lord Tilbury?

TILBURY. Either would be *cheating*! You must
play *that*!

MRS. WRIGHTON. Oh! and lose it? [*Plays.*]
That's too bad.

MRS. MATHEWSON. [*To Vi.*] Did you see the
Acropolis?

VI. [*Echoes dumbly.*] The Acrop — what?

MRS. MATHEWSON. The Acropolis.

GERALDINE. You took that trick, Vi.

VI. Did I? That's lovely! [*To MRS. MATHEW-*
son.] No, I don't think we went there, and, O
dear, mamma'll have a fit if we've missed some-
thing — where is it?

MRS. MATHEWSON. In Greece.

VI. We *went* to Greece.

TILBURY. [*To VI.*] It's your play.

VI. [*To TILBURY, holding up her cards.*] Go ahead!

[*He plays for her.*]

MRS. MATHEWSON. It's in Athens.

VI. We *went* to Athens!

CRAGER. Excuse me, Mrs. Mathewson, you must attend to the game.

MRS. MATHEWSON. Just a minute, Mr. Crager! The Acropolis, the most beautiful of all ancient ruins, — a thing on a hill!

VI. Oh, *that!* Oh, yes, we saw *that!* with and without sunset, and with and without moon! You know mamma and I can't remember one-half the places we've seen, but popper can, because he's kept a diary and put it down every night! Made mamma so mad, because she's always dead tired and crazy to go straight to sleep!

MRS. MATHEWSON. *My play.*

[Plays.

GERALDINE. *[To MRS. WRIGHTON.]* If you let more visitors in, Aunt Janet, how will you get rid of them?

MRS. WRIGHTON. *[To GERALDINE.]* True, dear. *[To the others.]* Excuse me.

[Rising, rings bell.

MRS. MATHEWSON. We can't look at her cards, can we!

GERALDINE. Really! I wouldn't like to play with you for money!

[She and CRAGER examine her hand.

MRS. DREED. Oh, Janet. *[Going to MRS. WRIGHTON and speaking to her, aside.]* I came in to-day in hopes of finding a stray young man with you to fill a vacant place at dinner to-night. It's such a nuisance having a man back out at the

last minute. I don't think illness is any excuse for a *man*, do you?

MRS. WRIGHTON. [*Laughing.*] Oh, none in the world!

TILBURY. [*As MRS. MATHEWSON plays.*] You must have five aces, Mrs. Mathewson.

MRS. DREED. I was wondering, what about this Mr. — er — What's-his-name — who's giving you bridge lessons?

MRS. WRIGHTON. Mr. Crager is charming.

CRAGER. [*As card is played.*] No, you mustn't make that play, you must play the club.

[SERVANT comes in and waits aside.

MRS. DREED. But you know, is he — a gentleman? Has he ever dined with you?

MRS. WRIGHTON. [*Quizzing her.*] If you mean does he eat with his knife — I assure you not even peas!

MRS. DREED. Don't be disagreeable! You don't think people would mind? This is my smartest dinner of the season!

MRS. WRIGHTON. [*Smiling, amused.*] *So sorry I'm not invited!* I can only say *I* should love to go out to dinner with Mr. Crager.

MRS. DREED. Oh, well, anyway he can take in mother! I must have another man, and that sort of people are always free! You must introduce me, dear.

[*She goes back to the whist table.*]

MRS. WRIGHTON. [*To SERVANT.*] Thornton, I wish to have it said at the door that I am indisposed and not receiving to-day.

THORNTON. Yes, madam.

MRS. WRIGHTON. [*In lower voice.*] Except a Mr. Carlman; I wish to see him.

THORNTON. Yes, madam.

MRS. MATHEWSON. Thornton!

THORNTON. Yes, madam.

MRS. MATHEWSON. Do you know if my carriage is at the door?

THORNTON. It has just driven up, madam.

MRS. MATHEWSON. Thank you.

[THORNTON goes out at back.

MRS. WRIGHTON. [*Aside to CRAGER as she takes her place.*] I want you to dine with me to-night and go to the theatre, will you?

CRAGER. Thank you, very much.

MRS. WRIGHTON. Whose turn is it?

MRS. MATHEWSON. [*Putting down her cards.*] I'm awfully sorry, but I shall have to go. [*She rises.*] Good-by! [*Shaking hands with MRS. WRIGHTON, who rises.*] Good-by, everybody. When is the next lesson?

MRS. WRIGHTON. Next Tuesday.

MRS. MATHEWSON. Impossible! I have a concert.

MRS. WRIGHTON. How about Friday?

VI. Impossible for *me*!

MRS. WRIGHTON. Wednesday?

CRAGER. I'm sorry, but I have another class.

MRS. MATHEWSON. Let's skip a week; it'll do us all good.

GERALDINE. Oh, but we'll *never* learn!

MRS. WRIGHTON. We'll decide later and let you know.

[*The SERVANT enters with a visiting card.*]

THORNTON. Mr. Mathewson is in the carriage, madam, and has sent you this message.

MRS. MATHEWSON. [*Reads it aloud.*] "*Wrighton knows something about our Hungarian charmer and has upset the wine combination for the present, so don't interrupt your cards, unless you're losing!*"

[*She laughs at that.*] Oh, well, I'd better go with him, anyway, I've a little neuralgia. I think remembering all the rules, and keeping the different cards in one's mind gives one a headache. Good-by.

[*They all echo, "Good-by."*]

[*MRS. MATHEWSON goes out Left, shown by THORNTON, who goes out after her.*]

MRS. DREED. [*To MRS. WRIGHTON.*] Won't you introduce Mr. Crager, dear?

MRS. WRIGHTON. Mr. Crager, Mrs. Dreed.

CRAGER. [*Bows.*] Mrs. Dreed.

MRS. DREED. [*Shakes hands, speaks effusively.*] I'm delighted, I've heard so much of you from so many friends. Every one agrees you are *quite* the very best teacher of bridge.

CRAGER. You are very kind, Mrs. Dreed.

MRS. DREED. We must play together some day.

Good-by. [*Shakes hands, pretends to go, and comes back.*] Oh, by the way, *do* dine with me to-night, won't you? At eight. I shall expect you.

[*Smiling, half bows, and turns to go.*

CRAGER. I beg your pardon, I am sorry, I am engaged.

MRS. DREED. [*Turning, and off her guard.*] What?

CRAGER. [*Conventionally.*] I'm very sorry, but I am engaged.

MRS. DREED. [*With a decided change to a supercilious manner.*] Oh, really. So sorry. [*To MRS. WRIGHTON.*] Good-by, my dear. [*To others.*] Good-by.

[*They reply, "Good-by."*

[*MRS. DREED goes out Left.*

TILBURY. I am getting awfully fond of America, Mrs. Wrighton.

GERALDINE. I told you, Lord Tilbury! How's Rosy blowing to-day, hot or cold?

TILBURY. I say! I'm rather ashamed, but I'm afraid she's blowing a little chilly to-day!

VI. Who's Rosy?

GERALDINE. Hasn't he told you?

VI. No!

CRAGER. [*Who is about to go, after having said good-by to all.*] Mrs. Wrighton, I feel really ashamed to pretend that these are lessons. Don't you think we'd better give them up?

[MRS. WRIGHTON goes with him toward the door Left.]

MRS. WRIGHTON. [*Aside, confidentially.*] We'll break up this class, and Miss Lang and I will start another. Till to-night at seven?

CRAGER. You're awfully kind.

[*Goes out Left.*]

[VI and TILBURY rise, also GERALDINE.

VI. We must go, too!

GERALDINE. I hope, Vi, you're showing New York to Lord Tilbury?

TILBURY. Oh, she's dragging me all over the shop!

VI. But I'm running short of interesting places for the daytime! Do you think he'd enjoy the Eden Musée?

GERALDINE. Yes, he's sure to love it!

[*Laughing.*

VI. Which most, that or Grant's Monument? He's seen Cleopatra's Needle, and Tuxedo, and Madison Square Garden, and the Washington Arch, and the Bowery.

MRS. WRIGHTON. My dear Miss Thompson, there's no street in the world so beautiful as Riverside Drive, — take him there.

TILBURY. [*To GERALDINE.*] Is there an over-ground, underground, or on-the-ground railway there?

MRS. WRIGHTON. Not *yet*!

TILBURY. [*With relief.*] Oh, thank Heaven; then we can take a cab!

GERALDINE. Do you go everywhere with Lord Tilbury alone?

VI. Yes, nobody knows me here, and besides, popper's invited him out to Butte City to visit us all winter, hasn't he?

TILBURY. Mr. Tompson has really been rippin' kind.

GERALDINE. And I suppose that makes a difference! Of course, Lord Tilbury, an English girl—

VI. [*Interrupting.*] My dear! From what he tells me, an English girl must be too awful for words, just too *perfectly* AWFUL!!

GERALDINE. Vi!

[*Reprovingly.*

VI. Oh, I'm always perfectly honest, ain't I, Lord Tilbury? and I owned up that I think Englishmen are — well! — simply *lovely*!! Good-by!

[*She goes out Left.*

TILBURY. Good-by!

GERALDINE and MRS. WRIGHTON. Good-by.

[TILBURY *follows VI out.*

VI. [*Off stage.*] Oh, just wait a minute!

[*She comes back quickly.*

VI. I can marry him if I want to. I thought you'd guess! Did you ever see such perfectly beautiful pants as he wears? Oh, I think they're just too swell for anything! But of course, you know, we can't let him wear them in Butte City, — the boys would yell after him in the streets. Good-by!

[She goes out Left.]

[The two women echo, "Good-by," and look at each other, a little bewildered, and then laugh.]

GERALDINE. Isn't she wonderful!

MRS. WRIGHTON. *[Ringing bell.]* I never saw anything like her. She is so amusing.

GERALDINE. Yes, and after a fifteen years' heavy diet of the German *fräuleins* of Stuttgart, you can imagine what a colossal joy she is to me! But you must realize that underneath everything she has an awfully good heart. That girl as a friend and as a woman would be as true as steel! And she always affects me like a tonic, — I feel doubly hopeful now of your interview.

MRS. WRIGHTON. Do you want to see him?

GERALDINE. Of course I want to, but I will do as you say.

MRS. WRIGHTON. Suppose you go into that room—*[Motioning to back.]*—and we'll draw the curtains.

GERALDINE. And I listen without his knowing it? Oh, no, I wouldn't for worlds!

MRS. WRIGHTON. You're right.

[THORNTON comes in from back.]

MRS. WRIGHTON. You can take away the card table, Thornton.

GERALDINE. It's after five. Oh, do you think he won't come? Won't he come?

MRS. WRIGHTON. I hope so. Thornton, if the gentleman I spoke to you of should come, tell me before you show him in.

THORNTON. Yes, madam.

[Having rearranged the table, he goes out.]

GERALDINE. You know, suppose he is poor as he seems, and suppose *all* his hopes and expec-

tations are centred on forming this company, and it is broken up, think what that will mean to him! Maybe it is *because* he *is poor* that he felt he couldn't ask me to marry him!

MRS. WRIGHTON. That theory is not altogether plausible, my dear; he is what the papers call "a titled foreigner."

GERALDINE. *Titled?*

MRS. WRIGHTON. Oh, there! I've let that much out, anyway.

GERALDINE. Maybe he doesn't think me a good enough match if he is so high.

MRS. WRIGHTON. That's not plausible either! He's not so high as all that; in fact, dear, it breaks my heart to tell you, but we practically know he's *low*, as low as he can be.

GERALDINE. But you don't *absolutely* know?

MRS. WRIGHTON. Which is why we don't tell you more.

GERALDINE. I can't, I won't believe it.

MRS. WRIGHTON. Stubbornness!

GERALDINE. Or — *love!*

MRS. WRIGHTON. Even after what he said to you?

GERALDINE. I told you, he doesn't understand our language enough to judge him by mere *words!*

[THORNTON *comes in.*

THORNTON. Mr. Carlman, madam.

MRS. WRIGHTON. Show him in.

[THORNTON *goes out.*

GERALDINE. I want to see him! I want to give him his chance.

MRS. WRIGHTON. Go upstairs, and perhaps I will send for you.

GERALDINE. [*Going, stops.*] You'll be kind!
And help him?

MRS. WRIGHTON. Make haste! [GERALDINE
goes out back and turns to the Right. MRS. WRIGHTON
stands in the centre of the room and waits.
A moment's pause. THORNTON announces MR.
CARLMAN. KINSEY comes in, and THORNTON exits.
KINSEY bows. MRS. WRIGHTON *holds out her*
hand.] The olive branch!

KINSEY. [*Taking her hand, bows low over it.*]
If I vas late, it iss ze fault of Mr. Wrighton.

MRS. WRIGHTON. [*Surprised.*] Have you just
seen him?

KINSEY. Oh, no, I vish I hafe nefer see him. It
iss he zat has now spoil all mine plan and hope.
For two veeks, ze night an' ze day, I hafe
vorked — [*He breaks.*] He hafe told you,
yess?

MRS. WRIGHTON. Yes.

KINSEY. And now ve must also wait more as two weeks longer, an' who knows vat vill not happen in ze two weeks?

MRS. WRIGHTON. If one is *honest*, one needn't be afraid to wait.

KINSEY. Ah, you do not understan'. Zis company vill gife to me freedom, but ze freedom is possible to come too late to mean anyzing to me. But you hafe vish to see me. Egscuse me if I ask you for vhy?

MRS. WRIGHTON. I want to talk to you about Miss Lang!

KINSEY. She hafe told you perhaps, yess?

MRS. WRIGHTON. Yes.

KINSEY. I guess because he hafe know!

MRS. WRIGHTON. Why did you behave as you did?

KINSEY. Pecause I loaf her! —

MRS. WRIGHTON. People do not usually *insult* those they love.

KINSEY. I did not mean. Ze heart vas too strong for ze lips!

[*Smiling.*]

MRS. WRIGHTON. [*In an outburst.*] Ah! if only we could *trust* you!

KINSEY. Madame!

MRS. WRIGHTON. Tell me your name is NOT Count Kinsey!

KINSEY. [*Surprise, a second's pause.*] Ah! *She* tell too! The Fräulein. Vell!! —

MRS. WRIGHTON. Never mind who told me; tell me your real name.

KINSEY. [*Drawing himself up.*] I hafe me no name here but only Carlman.

MRS. WRIGHTON. That is *not your* name?

[KINSEY *doesn't answer.*] Tell me then *if* you *were* in the embassy at London.

KINSEY. I vill tell you nussing? madam, I do not understan' you hafe ze right to ask me so. — Who I vas and vat I vas is mine affair. Your husbant hafe great injury me done in one vay, I tink now you vould in anozer. I bid you goot afternoon.

[GERALDINE *enters through the curtains at back.*

GERALDINE. You didn't send, I've come down, I couldn't wait. [*She sees him leaving.*] He's going?!

KINSEY. [*Looking at the curtains.*] Vas she listening!

GERALDINE. What?

KINSEY. No! Oh, no, I am sure!

GERALDINE. No what?

KINSEY. No nussing!

MRS. WRIGHTON. He won't answer me, Geraldine; maybe he will you. Ask him his own name.

GERALDINE. I promised him I wouldn't.

KINSEY. What ze difference iss it who or vat I vas? Your husband hafe me made great troubles; I vould hafe nussing to do viz him. You hurt me here to-day, I do not know for vhy. Meess Lang — she despise me.

GERALDINE. I do *not* despise you.

KINSEY. I have insult you.

GERALDINE. Do you remember what you said?

KINSEY. Ze vords burn here, all ze night, all ze day.

GERALDINE. What were they?

KINSEY. Zat I could not ask of you to be mine vife.

GERALDINE. I know, — but why not?

KINSEY. I vas not free.

GERALDINE. *How "not free"?*

KINSEY. I vas ashame to tell you!

MRS. WRIGHTON. Don't ask more, Geraldine.

GERALDINE. Yes, I will! This is where I was wrong before. Don't stop me now, please — or I'll say or do something I'd be sorry for! Is the reason you are ashamed an *insult* to me?

KINSEY. No, oh, no!

GERALDINE. And no dishonour to you?

KINSEY. *No!*

GERALDINE. I knew it! I knew it!!

KINSEY. And soon it vill be finish, I tink, and I can zen tell you eferyzing. — It vas to hafe been to-morrow, but —

[*Looking at* MRS. WRIGHTON.]

GERALDINE. [*With suppressed excitement.*] I will wait! Do you hear, I WILL WAIT!!

MRS. WRIGHTON. Geraldine, dear!

GERALDINE. No, Aunt Janet, let me finish!"

[To KINSEY.] When you come to tell me, you will find me ready to listen!

[*She gives him the white rose which she takes from*

MRS. WRIGHTON.

[WRIGHTON *enters Left*.

WRIGHTON. Ah! Mr. Carlman, I thought I might catch you here. I've been to the meeting of directors of your *quasi* company; I have seen your maps and the cables which you purport to have received!

KINSEY. SIR?!

GERALDINE. [*Angry.*] Mr. Wrighton!!

[MRS. WRIGHTON *seizes* GERALDINE'S *hand*.

WRIGHTON. Oh, hear me out! It is the Kinsey estate in Hungary — this that you wish to farm out to us?

KINSEY. It *iss*!

WRIGHTON. This power over the Kinsey estate is in your hands?

KINSEY. *It iss!*

WRIGHTON. [*Angry.*] Your scheme is a *fraud*, sir!

KINSEY. [*Controlling himself with difficulty.*] Gott!!

GERALDINE. No!

[*Mrs. WRIGHTON restrains GERALDINE.*]

WRIGHTON. I have warned my friends.

KINSEY. But ze cables?

WRIGHTON. Worthless! How do we know who sent them?

KINSEY. You insult mine honour, sir.

WRIGHTON. In that case Miss Lang will uphold me that turn about is fair play.

GERALDINE. [*In real distress.*] No! No! I won't uphold you!

WRIGHTON. Enough to say the scheme is ended.

KINSEY. You tink you have ruin me, Mr. Wrighton?

WRIGHTON. My only object has been to serve my friends and Miss Lang. These gentlemen asked me to give you back these papers.

[Handing them to KINSEY.]

KINSEY. In two veeks zese same gentlemen vill ask of me to gife zem back to zem.

WRIGHTON. I doubt it — COUNT *Kinsey!*

[Pause.]

KINSEY. *[About to go, starts and turns in great surprise, then recovers and bows.]* Zat is not my name!

[He goes out Left.]

WRIGHTON. Liar!

GERALDINE. No, don't! I won't listen to you.

You're *not* fair! You're not fair! You made me love you, but now I *hate* you for what you've done! I *hate* you! [*Going to him.*] Oh, you were brutal to him, brutal; how could you?

[*Sobbing.*]

WRIGHTON. My dear child, *I had* to be! You don't know what I have to tell you! Fräulein recognized him as Count Kinsey on the boat; to *her* he *acknowledged* it!

GERALDINE. To her? He did!

WRIGHTON. Yes, under a promise of secrecy; but she was worried and told my wife. I cabled to London after my interview with him this morning, and here is my reply. [*GERALDINE turns away from WRIGHTON.*] "Yes, Kinsey sailed America week October 30th, after American girl, was in embassy here, worst reputation possible, letter follows." It is from a secretary of our legation.

[*There is silence, broken only by GERALDINE'S sobs.*]

MRS. WRIGHTON. [*Going to her.*] My dear, my dear. . . .

GERALDINE. [*Sobbing as she speaks.*] No! No! I don't *want* to be sympathized with. I know you mean it all for my good, both of you, but I tell you you're wrong! *wrong!* [*To MRS. WRIGHTON.*] He explained that what he said the other day about the things that held him back meant no insult to me, nor dishonour to him either. It's because he's poor, I tell you, I can see it clearly. He's poor and he knows I am rich! This company would have made it possible for him to ask a woman to marry him, and you, *you*, my best friends, have done all you could to rob him of his chance.

WRIGHTON. Because I don't believe in him. I know too much of his record.

GE GERALDINE. [*Still crying, but beginning to control her tears.*] You *don't* know, you *don't* know, you only guess!

MRS. WRIGHTON. Why confess his name to Fräulein and deny it to us? And why had he concealed it?

WRIGHTON. That's it! Why?—unless he was ashamed or afraid.

GERALDINE. [*Having controlled her tears.*] Perhaps, if he is *Count Kinsey*, he is above making use of his title. Other men have come over here only to sell their titles. He has proved himself *above* that!

MRS. WRIGHTON. You are young, dear, and inexperienced in the world,—living way off in that little German town,—and love blinds your insight. This man's reputation is known and it is abominable!

[*At this GERALDINE frees herself from MR. WRIGHTON'S arms.*

WRIGHTON. You heard what I read just now, Geraldine, from an unprejudiced and responsible source.

GERALDINE. But you haven't proved it yet that he *is* Count Kinsey, and if he is, there may be more than one in Hungary. No, you wouldn't believe in *his* cable, — *I* won't believe in *yours*!

WRIGHTON. I have sent both to London and Budapesth for further and more reliable proof. In a fortnight I am only too afraid I will be able to give you that proof.

MRS. WRIGHTON. And *if* we prove to you this man is unworthy your confidence and your love, will you let us, who are trying to take your mother's place, guide you just a little on your road to happiness?

GERALDINE. [*Very firmly.*] Yes, if you do prove to me that he is unworthy!

MRS. WRIGHTON. That, Dick, is all we want.

GERALDINE. [*Excited.*] And if your proof comes and after all exonerates him, if all these things you believe now prove somehow some hideous mistake — you'll turn around and be his friend?

[To MRS. WRIGHTON.]

MRS. WRIGHTON. Yes!

GERALDINE. [*More excited, to WRIGHTON.*] And you too, — you'll withdraw your influence against his company?

WRIGHTON. I'll form that company for him!

GERALDINE. [*Laughing hysterically.*] Ah! that's good! That's good! [*She goes to WRIGHTON, half embracing him, and then goes to MRS. WRIGHTON and hugs her close.*] Now I can be happy! — wait and be happy, for he and I will win, I tell you!

[*Kissing MRS. WRIGHTON in an hysteria of tears and laughter.*] Forgive me for being angry just now! Forgive me! And look! I'm not crying! I'm LAUGHING!! I'm laughing because I'm the happiest girl in the world again! The HAPPIEST!! [*Laughing and crying.*] For he and I will win!! I know, *whoever* he turns out to be, the man I love is *true!*

THE CURTAIN FALLS

ACT IV

The conservatory in Geraldine's house. The room is a mass of potted plants. There is a semi-circular marble bench at Right, banked behind with a row of orange trees. The Blue Hungarian Band is playing on a dais at Left. The musicians are screened by bay trees and palms. The moonlight is seen through the roof. The entrance from the ballroom is Right. LORD TILBURY and VI are seated on the marble bench. The band finishes a waltz.

VI. You know, I haven't had the slightest desire to *marry* a lord! Of course *I* was *dying* to know you on the steamer; but then I've always been crazy to meet lords and dukes and such things, just to

say I had; but as to being a "lady," especially when it means living in London! I've always thought "*Excuse me!*"

TILBURY. Only part of the year. I'll promise to bring you to America every winter.

VI. If you *didn't*, I should certainly *bring you!*
[*Laughing.*] I just love my home. I know Europe's perfectly grand, and I'm not finding any fault with London or Paris or Vienna or anywhere, but for a good time among your *friends*, Butte City beats them all in my eyes! Just wait till you see it!

TILBURY. I hope to have that pleasure very soon,—don't mind if I call you darling, or something of that sort?

VI. I don't care, but don't you think you'd better wait till I've really decided.

TILBURY. Well, you *will* give me a decided answer when *we* get home?

VI. "We" get home! Isn't that rushing it just a little?

TILBURY. Really! Well, then, when we all get to Butte City?

VI. Yes, that I promise.

[He takes her hand and holds it for a moment in happy silence. MRS. MATHEWSON comes, with a silly-looking young man, to take the marble seat. They are disappointed to find it occupied.]

MRS. MATHEWSON. O dear, of course that Tompson girl is still there! They've monopolized the best seat in the house the entire evening.

YOUNG MAN. Never mind, let's go back and dance.

[They turn and go out.]

TILBURY. Are you happy?

VI. *[Doubtfully.]* Oh, yes —? —

TILBURY. [*Delighted.*] *So am I! Rippin'!*

[*A moment's silence. Another couple come and look to see if the bench is empty.*]

GIRL. Oh, pshaw!

[*They go out.*]

VI. [*Withdrawing her hand.*] Somebody might come along. Say — *who* is *Rosy*?

TILBURY. [*Has entirely forgotten.*] *Rosy? What Rosy?*

VI. Why I've heard Miss Lang tease you once or twice about a *Rosy*!

TILBURY. [*Embarrassed.*] Oh, *that* *Rosy*!

[*He says no more.*]

VI. WHO is she?

TILBURY. [*More embarrassed.*] Oh, er — she's — er — a sort of *Spanish girl*, that — er — I thought Miss Lang reminded me of once.

VI. And didn't *I* ever remind you of her?

TILBURY. Er—yes—I er—believe you did. . . .

VI. Where is she now?

TILBURY. I dunno!

VI. When did you see her last?

TILBURY. [*Unwillingly.*] The day I sailed.

VI. [*Who is getting more and more excited with her questions and their answers.*] Oh, did she see you off?

TILBURY. Well — er — yes — it answered that purpose.

VI. What's her other name?

TILBURY. [*Who is in agony.*] Boggs.

VI. Boggs! Really! Sounds *very Spanish*!!

TILBURY. Well, she was only — Spanish at the Gaiety, don't you know.

VI. No, *I don't* know! Has she written you?

TILBURY. No!

VI. Look me square in the face.

TILBURY. [*He does so, and weakens.*] She cabled.

VI. Show it to me.

TILBURY. It's torn up!

VI. What did it say?

TILBURY. [*Rebelling.*] No! Really! —

[*Interrupted.*]

VI. What did it say? [*Rising.*] Or I go back to the ballroom — and to Butte City *alone!*

TILBURY. It said, "Come back by next boat like a dear old guy."

VI. [*Sitting.*] And did you?

TILBURY. Of course not, — ain't I *here?*

VI. *Why* didn't you?

TILBURY. Because of you.

VI. Were you *engaged* to *her?*

TILBURY. Oh, no! — I wouldn't call it *engaged!*

[A third couple come to see if the bench is empty and go away angry.]

VI. How long did it take you to forget Miss Rosy Carmencita Boggs?

TILBURY. Ever since I've known you.

VI. H'm! *Two weeks!* Listen. I think we *won't wait* till we get to Butte City.

TILBURY. *[Delighted.]* What?!!

VI. No, I think it's best that we should be *engaged at once!* Oh! look out for the band.

[He wants to kiss her, but dares not. The band begins again.]

TILBURY. I say, it is rather a beastly nuisance, isn't it, proposing to a girl straight in front of a whole Hungarian band!

VI. You'll be pleased to understand that we *are engaged* all the same, with or without the band!

TILBURY. Rather!!

VI. And now *we're* off our minds, I want to talk to you about Geraldine Lang.

TILBURY. She's a *jolly* girl!

VI. You'd better think so—it was she introduced us! Well, she broke right down with me the other day and told me *her* story. She's in love with that Hungarian who was on the boat, Mr. Carlman.

TILBURY. Yes, a jolly nice chap!

VI. Well, none of her friends think so, and have kept them apart; and now she has no idea where he is, and is afraid he may be awfully hard up. She knows he's practically not got a cent, and his business plans have been entirely upset by *her friends*! Somehow or other, you and I've got to *find him*.

TILBURY. And *then* what will we do with him?

VI. Oh, *if we find him*, she's got to do the rest!

[MRS. MATHEWSON comes again with the same young man to see *if the bench is free*.

MRS. MATHEWSON. [*In disgust.*] Well! they'll grow to that bench!

[*They go back to the ballroom, laughing; VI and TILBURY turn and see them.*

VI. It doesn't seem very *private* here, does it?

TILBURY. Rather not.

VI. I think I'll go tell mamma! It's all very well for me to stick up my nose at your title, but *mamma!* Oh, my! Butte City won't hold her when I tell her I've decided to marry you, *not for a minute!* and I bet you *she* buys a tiara before she leaves here!

[*Both laugh and move on to where they can see the Hungarian band.*

VI. [*Speaking of the band.*] Aren't they all

handsome! But the ship's *doctor* has discounted uniforms and gold braid for *me!*

TILBURY. [*Who recognizes KINSEY.*] By George!

VI. What?

TILBURY. Turn around quick! [*They face the other way.*] I've just seen the man.

VI. What man! I've seen *twenty* dreams!

TILBURY. Herr Carlman!

VI. Here!

TILBURY. In the band!

VI. Goodness! Did he see you?

TILBURY. I don't think so, but I'm going to speak to him.

VI. Oh, do! [*The band stops playing.*] And be awfully nice to him. Wouldn't it be *fun* if we could make *them* as happy as we are! Find out what the trouble all is, — and I'll go tell

mamma about *us*! She'll be tickled to death! I'll bet she hasn't missed a single dance — *she's a wonder!!*

[She goes to the ballroom.

[The other musicians are talking among themselves. KINSEY remains a little separate, by himself. TILBURY comes near to him.

TILBURY. Pardon me, Mr. Carlman! *[KINSEY starts and looks to see who is speaking. He sees TILBURY and is not pleased. He bows somewhat stiffly.]* I must speak with you a moment; may I?

KINSEY. There vill be one minute or two between ze next number.

TILBURY. I say, can these Johnnies understand English?

KINSEY. No, not a one, not a vord!

TILBURY. *[Very embarrassed.]* I don't know how

to say it, old man, but you mustn't take offence, old chap, because I mean it in the friendliest way, old fellow, in a *brotherly* way, I do really! We're both of us foreigners over here, you know, old chap!

KINSEY. Yess?

TILBURY. I am going to marry a great friend of Miss Lang's, — Miss Tompson.

KINSEY. I make you my congratulations, sir.

TILBURY. No, wait, old fellow. She has told me how unhappy Miss Lang is to be separated from you by her friends and not to know where you are.

KINSEY. It vill end, I hope, on to-morrow.

TILBURY. Really, I say, old chap, I am glad!

[He involuntarily holds out his hand, and the two men shake hands warmly.]

KINSEY. *[Moved.]* I tank you.

TILBURY. Now it was Miss Lang, you see, who introduced me to Vi, and we want to help *you* and *her* along!

KINSEY. I tank you.

TILBURY. No, don't; tell me something I can *do*! — Why are you here, anyway, old man, doing this sort of game? If you need money —

[*Embarrassed.*

KINSEY. I hope not to need after to-morrow. But I am zis doing now because ten days ago I hafe not one penny and I hafe hunger. I hafe to do someting quick, immediate! — I always hafe play, I go to mine own music, and they gife me a place. — Vhen I hafe heard zey come here, I tink no I *cannot*, and zen — [*Smiling.*] — I could not — I tink ze word — *resist*, because I say, no one vill recognize *me*, and I vill *see* HER. But no, she hafe not been in ze room.

TILBURY. Delighted, old chap! But now what's this about to-morrow? You know you *must* let me help you. Suppose your scheme falls down, old boy, you can't stay on doing this fiddle business.

KINSEY. It vill *not* fall down. I hafe a company form to export Hungarian vines, and zey did doubt mine — ze word?

TILBURY. Credentials?

KINSEY. Yess! Zey did *doubt* me! But first zey have said ze plan vas good, great! — much *money*! To-day ze mail from Europe iss in, and I hafe by me *now* [*Touching his breast pocket.*] all ze papers to prove all vhat I say iss true, and to-morrow ze company vill come back — all except one; I will get anozer in his place, because he hafe done to me too much harm! [*An idea comes suddenly to him.*] Oh! Mr. Tompson, zefader of ze young lady you marry, — very rich, not?

TILBURY. [*Resenting.*] Yes, but I've plenty of money; that makes no difference to me.

KINSEY. Ah! You are angry quick at which I did not mean, how I was right! *I had nussing*; I *could not* ask Miss Lang to be my wife; all ze world would hafe said he marry her for ze money! but ven I hafe half ze shares of mine company—and Mr. Tompson when he would come he vill make ze number.

TILBURY. Oh, I'm sure Vi can make him!

[*The leader taps and the orchestra begins.*]

KINSEY. Pardons!

[*Goes back to his place.*]

[*VI reënters.*]

VI. My dear!—I mean Lord Tilbury!—have you the slightest idea what time it is?

TILBURY. No.

VI. Of course not; well, it's nearly four o'clock!

TILBURY. Really!

VI. And how long do you suppose we've been sitting *there*?

TILBURY. I dunno!

VI. Of course *you wouldn't!* Three hours!

TILBURY. Oh! I say!!

[*Laughing.*]

VI. Isn't it awful, *perfectly awful!!* Come on, we're going! We've waked up popper; he's been asleep for hours in the smoking room, and mamma's so tired she shows her age!

[*MR. and MRS. WRIGHTON enter.*]

We were just looking for you to say good night.

MRS. WRIGHTON. Must you go?

VI. We've had a perfectly lovely time, simply—well, the nicest time I've ever had in my life.

[*Shaking hands.*]

MRS. WRIGHTON. I'm delighted.

[*VI shakes hands with MR. WRIGHTON.*

TILBURY. It really has been a rippin' little time!

[*He shakes hands with MRS. WRIGHTON and then with MR. WRIGHTON.*

WRIGHTON. We're very glad you could come, Lord Tilbury.

VI. [*To MRS. WRIGHTON.*] I can't keep it! He's going to be *Mr. Tompson*.

MRS. WRIGHTON. What?

VI. We're going to be married!

MRS. WRIGHTON. Oh, really! —

TILBURY. It's rather sudden. But you see you had so many pretty girls at your party, Miss Tompson got fidgy and thought she'd better nail me instanter.

VI. Oh, my! what a whopper!! But we must

hurry or mamma'll get another crowsfoot, and popper'll go sleep-walking! Good night.

TILBURY. Lady Tilbury.

VI. Don't that sound perfectly lovely?

[She goes to him, and takes his right arm.]

MRS. WRIGHTON. Good night, Lady Tilbury.

[TILBURY and VI start.]

VI. Don't we go well together?

TILBURY. Rippin'. Good night.

[All say, "Good night."]

[VI and TILBURY go out.]

WRIGHTON. *[Smiling.]* Well! They haven't lost their time!

MRS. WRIGHTON. I'm envious for Geraldine; I wish I could see her face as happy — with her hand on the arm of the man she loved.

WRIGHTON. Has she enjoyed the party?

MRS. WRIGHTON. She's tried to, but you could

SEE her *trying*, and I think she's relieved now that everybody's going. I'm so tired I don't think I'll give another ball as long as I live.

WRIGHTON. I know why. She knows the answers to my letters to London and Budapesth have arrived.

MRS. WRIGHTON. But —

WRIGHTON. She watched the paper to see when the mails were in. She cornered me when I came home this afternoon and asked me point blank.

MRS. WRIGHTON. And what did you say?

WRIGHTON. I lied ; but if I'd told her then, she wouldn't have appeared, I know, to-night.

MRS. WRIGHTON. Oh, Dick ! it's true then—the letters *confirm* ?

WRIGHTON. Our worst fears !

MRS. WRIGHTON. It will break her heart !

WRIGHTON. She refused to wait till to-morrow

morning, and so we compromised on *to-night*, when the last guests were gone. I told her to bring Fräulein — here they are now.

[GERALDINE *enters with* FRÄULEIN. GERALDINE *is excited and forcedly happy.*

GERALDINE. There's no one left *downstairs*, and I've done my best — I *can't wait any longer*. You will open your letters now, won't you?

WRIGHTON. Yes, dear.

GERALDINE. Hum! That "*dear*" has a hint of pity in it and shows what you expect to find, but you'll not! You'll see! It *has* been a *beautiful* party. [*To* MRS. WRIGHTON.] Every one said so, and *looked* it, which is *more!*

WRIGHTON. [*Takes out two long envelopes.*]
Here are the letters.

MRS. WRIGHTON. Those men won't hear?

[*Indicating band.*

WRIGHTON. None of them understand English, and besides, they will be gone soon.

MRS. WRIGHTON. Then let's sit down.

GERALDINE. You sit, and Fräulein. I couldn't! I feel on tiptoe! I must stand to meet my happiness, which is coming out of those envelopes. Those, dear. [*Her whole manner and expression change.*] (Those are the ones?

WRIGHTON. Yes.

GERALDINE. And they have been opened! The first falsehood!

[*And she assumes an attitude and expression of defiance.*

MRS. WRIGHTON. Geraldine, it was for your sake, to spare you through the evening. Don't be on the defensive with us who love you; we are all striving for the same goal, — your happiness!

GERALDINE. [*Taking off her long, white gloves*

nervously.] Read the letters! Read them! Of course I know now they are *against* Mr. Carlman.

WRIGHTON. The first letter is from our present ambassador in London, who happens to be an old friend of mine. [Reads.] "*My secretary cabled you in brief. Count Kinsey was in the Austro-Hungarian embassy in London six years ago. He was obliged to resign his position, owing to a most painful scandal, affecting the honour of one of our countrywomen, the beautiful Miss Lorimer, [GERALDINE interrupts with "Impossible!" but WRIGHTON continues.]—who died a few months after the exposure. In America he would have been lynched!*" [Offering her the letters.] Now you see that I was right when I called the man in your presence a *liar!*

GERALDINE. No!

WRIGHTON. What?

MRS. WRIGHTON. Oh!

[*Together.*

GERALDINE. The proof that "*Count Kinsey*" is a scoundrel is overwhelming, yes! BUT there is absolutely not one word in all you've read to prove that Mr. Carlman and Count Kinsey are the same! In fact, in that letter *I* only hear proof that they are not the same!

[*He waits. There is no answer from GERALDINE, who stands thinking.*

WRIGHTON. | You'll not doubt Fräulein Handt's truthfulness?

[*He waits; there is no answer; he looks at MRS.*

WRIGHTON.

MRS. WRIGHTON. Geraldine! [*Touching her.*]
What is it? Do you hear us?

GERALDINE. Excuse me, yes; what were you saying?

WRIGHTON. Fräulein Handt is here to prove to you that Count Kinsey and Herr Carlman ARE the same.

GERALDINE. [*With feeling and much pathos, appealingly.*] No, no, Fräulein, you know you can't! I love him, Fräulein!

FRÄULEIN. [*Almost in tears.*] Ach! it iss the most sad day of my life. But it iss true when I saw Mr. Carlman on the boat I recognize him at once! and call him Count Kinsey. He asked of me how I know him, and I have made the explanation. I was governess (mit his ungle vhat vas ambassador in London.

GERALDINE. But *he* — was he secretary there?

FRÄULEIN. Yes, he vas.

GERALDINE. [*Distressed, overexcited.*] You're sure? You know you might be mistaken, Fräulein

— it might be a resemblance. Don't you think it *was* — something like that?

FRÄULEIN. He said, yes, he was der secretary, when I ask him on de boat.

WRIGHTON. Sh! [*To FRÄULEIN.*] Thank you, Fräulein.

FRÄULEIN. [*To GERALDINE.*] You will *forgif* me? You are *sure* I would gif the world for not to hurt you.

GERALDINE. Yes, Fräulein dear, I know; it's all right — good night.

FRÄULEIN. Good night.

[*She goes out.*]

MRS. WRIGHTON. Dearest, dearest Geraldine.

[*Goes to her.*]

GERALDINE. You don't understand me, either of you. — I appreciate \ your motives absolutely. I am grateful for the reasons that inspire

them; but you do not prove to me that the man I love is unworthy. I believe in him still; perhaps it is because I love him, I don't know. What I do know is his lips spoke truthfully to my ears, though you may think his kisses have coloured his words for me. When I looked into his eyes, they looked straight back into mine, and if I saw love in them, I saw truth too—and they never flinched, and when I gave him my hand, he took it in a strong grasp, and his hand felt honest. Believe me, a woman has an instinct about such things! I'd trust his hand to lead me anywhere.

[The band begins to play.]

WRIGHTON. [*Strong.*] Then I must tell you the worst of all. Our consul in Budapesth has also given me the character of Count Kinsey.

GERALDINE. Is it the same as from London?

WRIGHTON. My dear child, in his own home it is much, much worse! [*Slowly, very seriously, but quietly.*] He has a wife and child in Budapesth!

KINSEY. [*Interrupts during the speech.*] No! Gott my witness! that iss not truth!

[*All turn, astonished to see him. They murmur their surprise as he begins to speak. As he finishes.*

GERALDINE. Herr Carlman!

MRS. WRIGHTON. Count Kinsey!

[*All together.*

WRIGHTON. You here! How dare you steal into this house!! [GERALDINE *interrupts with*, "*Mr. Wrighton!*"] You are even a lower scoundrel than I thought.

GERALDINE. [*Quickly, and interrupting.*] Don't! Don't!

[*Going to him.*

KINSEY. [*At the same time as GERALDINE'S "don't."*] I am NOT one scoundrel! [*Pushing his way past the musicians and down between GERALDINE and WRIGHTON.*] I am not one scoundrel! And the man lie vhat call me so! Whoever he iss, he LIE!!

WRIGHTON. [*Very strong.*] I have proof of what I say, damning proof! from your own home!

KINSEY. Lies!! All of ett! That is vhat your proof isse!! Lies!!

GERALDINE. I knew it! I knew it!!

KINSEY. I have by me de true proof! true proof of all I say!

[*He tears open his jacket, and getting at papers from inside it, he offers them to GERALDINE.*

GERALDINE. [*Smiling, shakes her hand. To WRIGHTON.*] I don't need them.

[*Motions with her hand to WRIGHTON.* KINSEY

gives papers to WRIGHTON, and at same time MRS. WRIGHTON dismisses musicians, who go out. WRIGHTON goes to lamp, at Right, to examine papers, and says, "Janet." His wife joins him as she leaves the musicians. Together they look over the papers. KINSEY and GERALDINE are before the bench Right.

KINSEY. How can I tank you? No man in all ze world deserve such faith like | zat!

GERALDINE. I only believed in you —

KINSEY. It iss all true vhat zey 'afe said —

[Interrupted.]

GERALDINE. *[Interrupting quickly, looking straight into his eyes.]* No! I won't believe even you when you say it.

[The band outside plays Hungarian song.]

KINSEY. You have not let me feenish, — it is all true of *mine broder!* He iss Count Kinsey,

I am Count *Carlos* Kinsey, younger as him,—
Adolph, Count Kinsey. He was secretaire in
London, and when he vas oblige to resign for a
very bad reason, I hafe take his place for a leettle
vhile. He did came over here ze ozer week after
a American girl, but not a one like you — and —
zat is all.

GERALDINE. *That* is ALL?

KINSEY. Oh, no! I 'afe went to ze consul
to-day. To-morrow I appear wiz my true name
I explain everyting to everybody! My company
will be form! And ZEN! — [*He stops; a pause.*]
— told you I would — me come back one day.

GERALDINE. WHEN?

KINSEY. To-morrow!

GERALDINE. But look! [*Pointing up where the
sun is beginning to come through the glass roof.*]
It is to-morrow!!!

KINSEY. Yess! [*Smiling at her.*] And I have so very much to do zis day. I tink I ought to make ze hay, — how you say it?

GERALDINE. *While ze sun shines?*

KINSEY. Yess.

[WRIGHTON and MRS. WRIGHTON come forward.]

WRIGHTON. [*To KINSEY, with much depth of feeling.*] I beg your pardon.

[KINSEY hesitates one moment, and then holds out his hand. WRIGHTON takes it, and MRS. WRIGHTON quickly places her hand on both of theirs, saying.]

MRS. WRIGHTON. And I too beg! Forgive us both!

KINSEY. I do!

MRS. WRIGHTON. [*To WRIGHTON, with a meaning look.*] Come! [*To GERALDINE, as she*

and WRIGHTON start to go very quietly.] We'll get our wraps.

[They go out.

[GERALDINE and KINSEY are standing looking at each other and do not hear her.

KINSEY. Geraldine, will you be my wife?

GERALDINE. I will.

[He takes her close in his arms as

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